

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,018



THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889

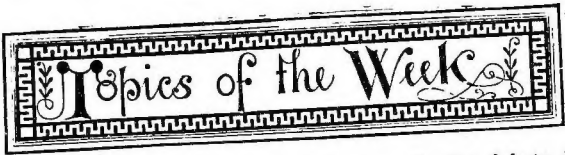
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"AT CLOSE QUARTERS"

AN INCIDENT OF THE DUC D'ORLEANS' RECENT HUNTING TOUR IN INDIA



ENGLAND AND CONTINENTAL WARS.—In the debate in the Upper House on Monday Lord Granville blamed Lord Salisbury for having delivered an "alarming" speech. The Prime Minister, however, carefully refrained from saying that there was any immediate danger of war. He expressly stated, indeed, that all over Europe statesmen sincerely desire to maintain peace. What he said was that questions which may bring nations at issue still exist, and this, surely, however "alarming," was not an assertion which ought to have excited much surprise. The mere rumour that the German Emperor and the King of Italy proposed to visit Strasburg together sufficed to create a fever of excitement in Paris. This fact alone, if fresh evidence had been necessary, might have convinced the most optimist of politicians that Lord Salisbury's warnings related to very real and obvious dangers. The truth is, there has rarely been a period in the history of Europe when nations have had so many causes of anxiety. It may be said that England does not need to trouble herself about misunderstandings and quarrels on the Continent, but it is simply impossible to feel sure that if a great war broke out we should be able to hold aloof from it. However anxious to maintain peace, we might be forced at any moment to take steps for the defence of some vital national interests. According to Lord Salisbury, the provisions of the Naval Defence Bill, when they have been fully executed, will put at our disposal a fleet which will be equal to the naval forces of any two Powers which are likely to be combined against us. France and Germany, if they acted together, might have a slight advantage over us; but that is not a coalition which we have much reason to dread. Upon the whole, the precautions which the Government propose to adopt seem to be adequate, but they ought to have been adopted long ago. The scheme will not be fulfilled until 1894, and long before that time we may have seen the bursting of the war-cloud that has been for so many years gathering over the Western world.

BOYCOTTING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The discussion which followed Mr. Robertson's motion on Tuesday evening, although it must be classed with the now familiar order of "time-wasters," was more interesting than such debating-society topics usually are in the House of Commons, owing to the inherent attractiveness of the subject. The French Revolution possesses a perennial interest, partly on account of the dramatic character of its successive incidents, and partly because it is still in progress. Even now, after a century of political turmoil, the French people are not agreed as to the form of Government they really prefer. At present the Moderate Republicans are in power, but who will venture to say, when the Exhibition closes its doors, that one of the other contending parties, the Royalists, the Bonapartists, the Boulangists, or the Reds, may not gain the upper hand? Foreign nations might, therefore, reasonably hesitate to join officially in the celebration of an event which is regarded with detestation and loathing by a large number of living Frenchmen. For it is disingenuous to assert, as has been asserted, that the celebration merely commemorates the assemblage of the States-General. It really embraces the whole Revolution, and, while prudently keeping the accompanying horrors as much as possible in the background, bids men rejoice at the substitution of a Republic for a Monarchy. It could scarcely be expected that the exalted persons whose trade is Monarchy should regard such a function with friendly eyes, especially as in the process of governmental transition the King and Queen of France were judicially murdered. Under these circumstances, the Ambassadors, who are the direct representatives of their respective sovereigns, felt constrained to absent themselves from the show, and the speakers on the Government side would have shown both wisdom and courage if they had said this plumply and plainly, instead of making excuses about Lord Lytton's illness. The chief practical interest of the debate consists in the glimpse which it affords of the Republican tendencies of a large section of the Opposition. But indeed they had already gone pretty far in that direction when they signed an address to President Carnot censuring the conduct of their own Government. Mr. Gladstone presented the touching spectacle of a man striving with his former (and, perhaps, better) self. He could not deny that he had approved of Lord Rosebery's action in 1886, yet he strove to appear to be swimming in the Jacobin current which is perfectly congenial to Messrs. Morley and Labouchere.

IRELAND'S BANE AND ANTIDOTE.—The heated debate on the Luggacurren evictions scarcely bore the fruits expected of it by its promoters. Instead of coming out of the ordeal as a cruel, tyrannical, and avaricious landlord, Lord Lansdowne emerges the very model of what English tenants hunger for—a just, kind-hearted, and most generous squire. Yet Mr. Parnell, after so long showing coyness towards the Plan of Campaign, has accepted this trumped-up case as the lever required to bring him into line with his more advanced colleagues. In a bitter speech, he announced his resolve to support the Luggacurren tenants, "whether by

the Plan of Campaign or otherwise." Let us hope that it will not come to the "otherwise;" there is something about the word which seems to savour of villainous saltpetre. Such is Ireland's bane—the evil advice of mischievous demagogues. Fortunately, Mr. Tuke and others suggest an antidote in the construction of branch railways to connect the coast fisheries with the main lines. The only difficulty is of a financial character; the districts most needing this form of help are too poor to furnish the guarantee. To do the poor fishers and farmers of Donegal real good, all the increase of profit consequent upon being brought into railway communication with the outside world, should go into their own pockets; and even then they would be none too rich, nor be likely to wax fat and kick. Why should not the State come to the rescue? An Irish railway loan for two or three millions would not be much of a loss, even if none of the capital ever came back. But whether these much-needed works be constructed by one authority or another, it ought to be a governing condition that the gauge should be the same as that of the trunk lines, as Lord Powerscourt, with his customary good sense, contends for.

STRIKES AND SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.—The other day the German Government ordered the arrest of the Chairman of the Central Strike Committee in Westphalia, and of forty other members. Probably the men themselves were not greatly surprised by this result. From the day when the strike began, what the authorities at Berlin chiefly dreaded was that it might in some way become associated with the Social Democratic movement. There is not much reason to fear that in the near future Social Democracy will be a serious danger in Germany. In that country, as in France, a free peasantry is the backbone of the nation, and contented peasants are everywhere the most resolute enemies with whom revolutionists have to reckon. But in large towns the movement has made rapid progress, and a strike on a great scale, if in any way connected with it, might give rise to formidable local disturbances. How far the Westphalian miners sympathise with the Social Democrats the public in Germany have no direct means of knowing; but the arrests which have been made would certainly not have been ordered if the Government had not had solid grounds for suspicion as to the objects of at least some of the leaders. Those who demand higher wages and shorter hours of work will have a much better chance of success if they decline to have anything to do with revolutionary agitation. Again and again, and in many different ways, the German Government has shown that it sincerely desires to help the working-classes to improve their condition; and, in dealing with economic disputes, it usually throws the weight of its influence rather on the side of the employed than on that of the employers. But to social Reformers who propose to attain their ends by violence it will show little mercy. The Emperor has explained with sufficient frankness in what spirit he intends to meet attempts to resist the law, and the miners will do well to remember that it would be easy for him to give peremptory and immediate effect to his threats.

THE PERILS OF BOOK-REVIEWING.—"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," says the poet, but the effect was quite different when the "touch of Nature" reached Dr. Tibbits in the form of a review in that much-valued journal of science of his treatise on Massage. It came upon the doctor as an unpleasant galvanic shock, and he forthwith brought an action for damages against the publishers. As we have had occasion to point out before now, juries are wont to show a vindictive pleasure in punishing railway-companies and newspaper-proprietors, but in this case the jury showed a nicer sense of justice. In their decision they were doubtless influenced by two considerations—one weighing in favour of the plaintiff, the other in favour of the defendants. That the reviewer was himself a professor of the noble art and mystery of Massage was, on the well-known principle of "two of a trade," scarcely calculated to ensure an impartial notice; but, on the other hand, the editor of *Nature* had shown that he personally was actuated by no feelings of malice, since before publication he had excised what he deemed the more pungent passages of Mr. Little's review. In the result, therefore, the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, damages one farthing, but, as the Judge refused to let this sum carry costs, the plaintiff and defendant, as in the old story, each get an oyster-shell, while the oyster itself is swallowed by the learned counsel engaged in the case. We venture to suggest that authors are much too thin-skinned nowadays about the reviews of their books. Editors are afraid to indulge in the full-flavoured slashing which they administered half a century ago, and so, if they honestly feel they must damn, they damn with faint praise. Thackeray describes a certain Mr. Bludyer, who was wont to cut up a book savagely, then go and sell it in Holywell Street, and dine at a tavern on the proceeds. No editor in these days could afford to keep a Bludyer on his staff—he would be ruined by libel-actions.

THE PERSIAN PILGRIM.—In another month, London society will welcome that once-famous lion, the Shah-in-Shah. Rumour says, however, that he has dropped many of the individualities which used to make people talk. The wonderful aigrette of brilliants is no longer on exhibition, nor does the illustrious pilgrim carry about with him those

six massive chests which were popularly supposed to be crammed with priceless gems. These Oriental accompaniments will be greatly missed, no doubt, by Mrs. Leo Hunter and her set. But since the Shah comes here on business thoughts intent, it is right and fitting that he should endeavour to present a serious appearance. He appears to have done so at St. Petersburg with a large degree of success. Once or twice, human weakness broke out in the direction of the ballet, but apart from these indiscretions, the Shah seems to have conducted himself with Quaker-like propriety. True, the trial only lasted for nearly a month, whereas that in England will endure for nearly a month. But in order that the time of temptation may be abbreviated, it has been arranged that Sir Henry Wolff shall personally conduct the successor of Darius from one great centre of manufactures to another. He will there experience the enduring joy of seeing "machinery in motion," a form of entertainment quite sure to obliterate any hankerings after the Alhambra or the Empire. Whether this course of martyrdom will sufficiently conciliate British capitalists to induce them to embark in the development of Persia, remains to be seen. On the Shah's last visit, they did not display much anxiety to construct Persian railways. Perhaps, however, their staid notions were shocked by the frivolity of that Monarch's *entourage*. No doubt, he will bring with him a different sort of courtier this time—a solemn visaged species, stuffed full of political economy, and with souls above ballet-girls and prizefighters.

CAPE COLONY AND BECHUANALAND.—Lord Carnarvon has been pressing upon the attention of the English public the fact that it is to their interest to adopt a friendly and conciliatory tone in the discussion of questions relating to South Africa. This general proposition no one, probably, will have the slightest inclination to dispute. The South African colonies are among the most important of British possessions, and we should display extraordinary folly if we wantonly gave offence to any class of our fellow-subjects in these regions. At the same time, we are bound to remember that there are two sides to the question in which the people of Cape Colony are at present chiefly interested, and about which Sir Hercules Robinson and Sir Gordon Sprigg lately spoke with so much energy. In the end it may be necessary that Bechuanaland should pass under the control of the Cape Colony Government, but in the mean time the Imperial authorities have very definite duties towards the native tribes of that country, and it is by no means obvious that it would at present be either wise or just on their part to repudiate their obligations. Sir Gordon Sprigg has expressed much indignation at the notion that native rights are not fully recognised in Cape Colony. It happens, however, that the natives themselves are less confident on the subject, and we can scarcely be expected to ignore their opinions, since we have definitely pledged ourselves to protect their interests. We may fairly appeal to the colonists to look at this question from our point of view as well as from their own, and to manifest a little of that moderation of temper, of the supposed absence of which in England they so loudly complain. What is wanted is that they and we should peacefully overcome the difficulties of a transitional period, and this can be readily done with the help of a little tact and goodwill on both sides.

DOG-MUZZLING.—Our contemporary the *Star* and lately has been discussing this subject, which is of enormous importance. It may be quite true that, even during its worst epidemics, *rabies* is a comparatively rare disease, but then if human beings are bitten, and the infection takes, the resulting and almost certain death is of such a horrible character that hydrophobia is more dreaded than typhoid, scarlet fever, or cholera. We say nothing to impugn the value of Professor Pasteur's alleged remedy, but that, at all events, is rarely, if ever, applied until the injury has been inflicted. Here, more than in the case of any other malady, prevention is better than cure, and the prevention can be most simply applied by the compulsory muzzling of all dogs when in public thoroughfares. The modern wire muzzle, though doubtless not altogether comfortable to the animal, is a perfectly humane arrangement compared to the old leather strap; it is rigorously applied in Germany, where consequently *rabies* is rarely known; and it was enforced in this country some three years ago, after which there was for some time a remarkable diminution in the number of mad dogs. The disease, however, is now again making rapid progress, and therefore we hold that in the interest of dogs themselves, as well as in that of the human race, an edict for muzzling should go forth without delay. The muzzle, too, deserves advocacy on other grounds. In nearly every neighbourhood there is a dog who, though not mad, has a propensity to bite. The existing law gives very little satisfaction against such injuries, whereas the muzzle makes these canine nuisances as harmless as lambs.

THE FIRE BRIGADE PARADE.—There is rather too much pot-and-kettle recrimination about the collapse of "the resources of civilisation" last Saturday. So far as can be judged from the conflict of testimony, Scotland Yard believed that the County Council would maintain order, while the County Council, on its part, imagined that most of the hard work would be done by the Police. In a word, it was a

case of "what's everybody's business is nobody's business," and the mob, consequently, had command of the situation. Perhaps the Police authorities were not altogether sorry to give the new governing body, which aspires to rule over them, a chance of testing democratic theories of restraining roughs with rose water—or perhaps we should say, with Rosebery and water. Be that as it may, two cardinal mistakes were made by the collective municipal wisdom which fully accounted for the fiasco. The one was to appoint the parade for the Queen's Birthday, when the Police are always exceptionally occupied; the other, to employ Volunteers to keep the ground. What with the great military spectacle in the forenoon, the Four-in-Hand meet in the afternoon, multitudinous reviews, and the illumination crowds at night, Mr. Monro was bound to have all his work cut out in any case. But the employment of Volunteers to perform police duties was an even more fatuous new departure. It is not only that our citizen-soldiers are unused to the work, but they do not possess the authority required for its performance. The surprising thing is that Colonel Howard Vincent should have allowed his men to be placed in such an entirely false position. If it was done in the belief that the Queen's Westminsters are all the same as Regulars, only more so, we can only say that vaulting ambition overleapt itself considerably.

ATHLETICS IN FRANCE.—In England, educational authorities sometimes complain that rather too much attention is devoted to athletics at our great schools and universities. There is no doubt, however, that "sports" do far more good than harm. That they exercise a wholesome influence on physical development no one denies; and, when kept within reasonable bounds, they tend rather to promote than retard intellectual study. They have also an excellent moral effect by bringing boys together in friendly rivalry, and by encouraging the growth of a healthy contempt for unmanly sentimentalism. French writers have often expressed admiration for this element of our national life, and now, it seems, a serious effort is to be made to introduce it into France. From the 15th to the 23rd of June a Congress on athletics is to be held in Paris, and a circular has been sent to the authorities of schools and universities in England, Australia, and America, asking for information on the subject. Oddly enough, no reference is made in this circular to cricket or football—a fact which may be taken to indicate that the French members of the Congress have a good deal to learn about the matters they propose to discuss. Whether the Congress is likely to attain its object is doubtful. In the Anglo-Saxon world, games have not been introduced by "the powers that be." They have been spontaneously adopted by the boys and young men themselves. In France it is to be feared, the demand for athletics comes not from the youth of the country, but from elderly philosophers, who see the advantages the system might bring with it to the new generation. French lads may be less enthusiastic than their seniors about the benefits to be derived from what will probably seem to them violent physical exercise.

JAM.—Mr. Gladstone some years ago was rather foolishly sneered at when he recommended farmers to turn their attention to jam-making as a remedy for the low prices they were getting for other kinds of produce. The British farmer used to be accused, and, perhaps, not altogether without reason, of despising the minor items of farm production as only fit for women's attention; but the ruin caused by foreign competition in cereals has opened his eyes, and he now sees more clearly than he did that no legitimate source of profit is to be despised. Consciously or unconsciously, a good many of his fraternity have taken Mr. Gladstone's advice, and, aided by the low price of sugar, have taken to jam-making on a considerable scale. Anybody who looks attentively at the grocers' windows must have noticed that a large percentage of the jam exhibited there is made, not by the regular manufacturers, but by men who grow their own fruit, and their produce is usually distinguished by its freshness of flavour. Kent has for centuries been known as the "Garden of England," the soil and climate are especially favourable to bush-fruit, and, therefore, Kent is a leading jam-making county. The other day, under the auspices of the Fruiterers' Company, the Lord and Lady Mayoress paid a visit to Swanley, around which there is a noteworthy fruit and flower district, some 2,000 acres in extent. When we read of seventeen acres, mostly under glass, we can understand where Covent Garden gets some of its floral wealth; while the fact that a number of strawberries were quietly reposing in their beds at 3 A.M., but seven hours later were on sale in London in the form of jam, recalls, but in a pleasanter form, some of the miracles of swift transformation recorded of the Cincinnati and Chicago piggeries.

BABY FARMS.—After the hysterical attack which the English people went through some years ago in connection with baby farms, society thought it had done enough to vindicate its virtuousness, and banished the subject from its mind. Noting which fact, those who had dropped the industry took to it again, feeling safe from further interruption, and from that day to this the evil has grown apace. One only has to look at the advertisement columns of the penny weekly papers to gain abundant evidence of its

prosperity. Reading some of them, one might imagine the existence of a race of benevolent ladies whose mission in life is to adopt babies. Not a syllable is said about any monetary consideration in these discreetly-worded appeals; they read as if produced by a genuine yearning for baby companionship. Those, however, who are behind the scenes allege that this maternal tenderness is feigned, and that no baby, however lovely, has a chance of being adopted unless a good lump sum accompanies it. Then there are the frank dames who boldly insert "a moderate premium required," while a third set do business on the weekly payment system. Can there be any reasonable doubt that the children thus made the unconscious subjects of sordid bargaining very often have a hard time of it? So they would, however, if left with their mothers; it may even be conjectured that still fewer would struggle out of infancy than under the present system. For, while not a word can be said for the premium system, which in effect offers a bonus on infanticide, the weekly payment method insures, at all events, that one person has an interest in keeping the infant alive. Could that be said if mothers were forbidden, as some have proposed, to put out their offspring before a certain age? We suspect that inquests on accidentally suffocated babies would multiply exceedingly.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued AN EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THOUGHTS ON MATRIMONY AND ON A SINGLE LIFE."

THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER.

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THE HAUNTED CHAMBER
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HAUNTED HOUSE
THE CAPTURE OF AN HEIRESS
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A VERY FAR-FETCHED TALE
FROM THE WEST
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EPSOM RACES, "THE DERBY AND OAKS."—The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announces that they are making special arrangements so that Trains may be despatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to the Race Course Station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand, and for the convenience of passengers from the Northern and Midland Counties, arrangements have been made with the several Railway Companies to issue through tickets to the Race Course Station from all their principal Stations via Kensington or Victoria, to which Stations the Trains of the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways are now running.

The Brighton Company also give notice that their West End Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, June 24, 25, and 26, for the sale of the Special Tickets to the Epsom Downs Race Course Station, and at the same fares as charged from Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

FOR THE ADVERTISEMENT OF THE SAVOY GALLERY
see page 603.

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THROUGH BOOKINGS.—Arrangements have been made with the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways, to issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race Course.
The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington (Addison Road) Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, also at their City Offices, Hay's, Agency, Cornhill, and Cook's, Ludgate Circus, where Tickets may also be obtained.
The West End Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, June 24, 25, and 26.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



"I PESCATORI DI PERLE" AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

ITALIAN opera—the word Italian, of course, has here a technical rather than a geographical signification—was not long ago supposed to be dying, if not dead. Now it is very much alive, as was shown by the enormous and brilliant audience which filled Covent Garden on Mr. Augustus Harris's opening night. Among those present were the Princess of Wales, her three daughters, and the Duchess of Edinburgh. As we criticised the music and the performers last week, a few words



THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA

"I PESCATORI DI PERLE" AT COVENT GARDEN
Leila, Miss Ella Russell. *Nadir*, Signor Talazac



Mr. John Ferguson, Wholesale Stationer at Glasgow, and a disciple of John Stuart Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Sir H. James: "Did you act in unison with the Home Rule League?" "In thorough unison with the Home Rule League all through."-- "You never expressed any views in opposition to it?" "Oh, I generally had some views in opposition to everything, but I gave way to the majority."



Lord Lyndington, M.P., and "The Shifter" listen to the case



Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, the bard of the Nationalist party. Questioned by Mr. Murphy, Q.C., about his song, "God Save Ireland" (which commemorated "The Manchester Martyrs"), Mr. Sullivan replied: "I shall say nothing to throw dishonour on the memory of those men; they acted a foolish but a brave part."



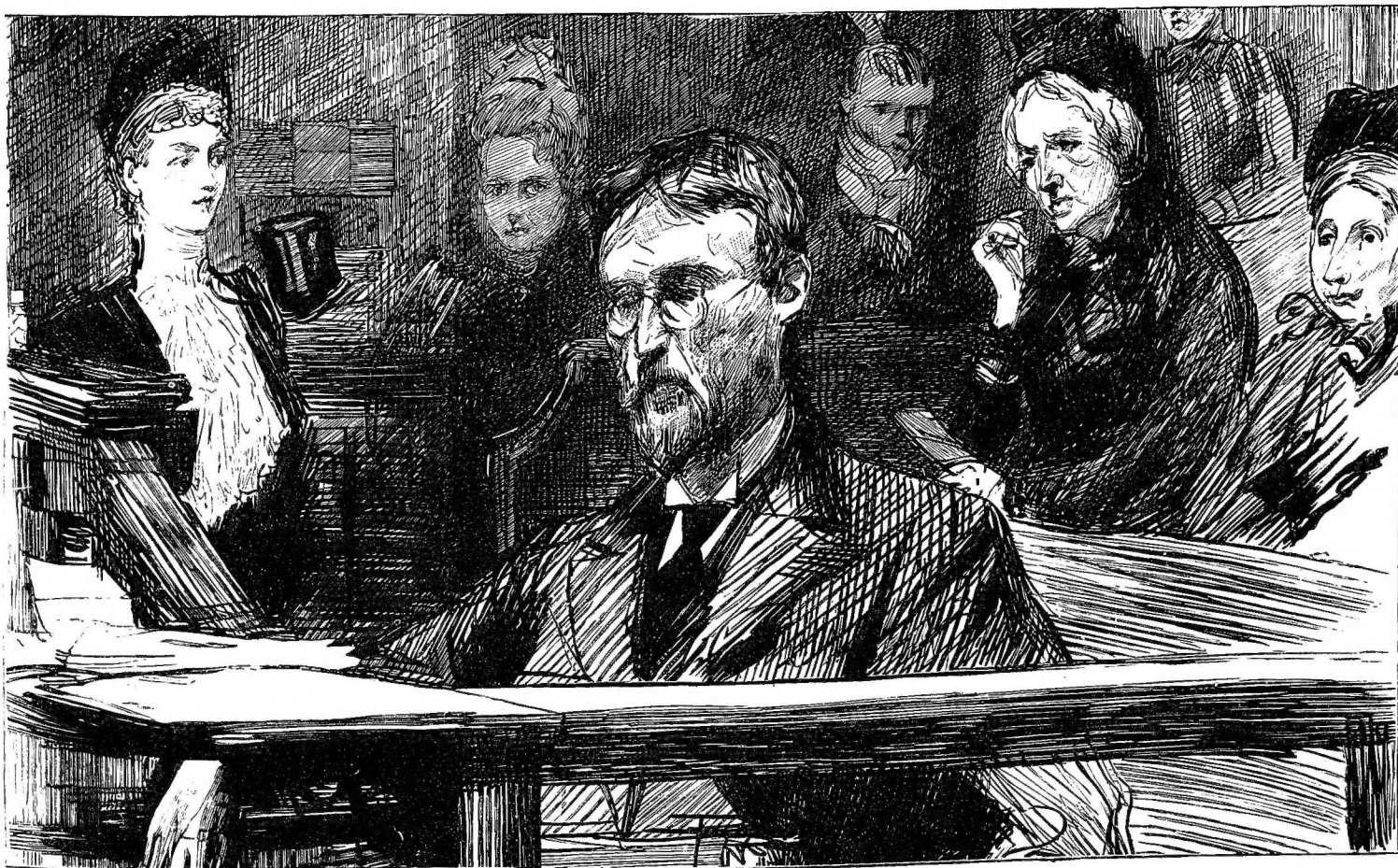
Mr. Gladstone listens to the cross-examination of Mr. O'Brien



The Marchioness of Drogheda



Mr. O'Brien brought to bay



The Duchess of Westminster

THE EXAMINATION OF MR. O'BRIEN

Mrs. Gladstone

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE
NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY F. HALL

will suffice here. *The Pearl Fishers* may be regarded as a novelty, for it attracted very little attention when given two years ago by Mr. Mapleson under the title of *Leila*. The opera was written in 1863, when Bizet was only twenty-five. The libretto is rather feeble. Leila, the heroine (Miss Ella Russell), is a virgin priestess of Brahma, and the pearl-fishers of Ceylon are in the habit of placing her on a promontory near the sea at the beginning of their fishing season, in order that her prayers and songs may appease the evil spirits of the waters. During this period she is closely veiled, and is bound, under pain of death, to remain concealed from human gaze. But Nadir, an old lover (M. Talazac), unexpectedly appears, and Leila, casting away her veil, joins him in an impassioned duet. They are discovered, and Zurga (Signor d'Andrade), the chief of the tribe, who is also an admirer of the young priestess, sentences them to be burnt alive. At the last moment, however, he repents of his severity, and aids the lovers to escape. For this act of mercy Zurga suffers death at the hands of his angry subjects.

STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION HALL

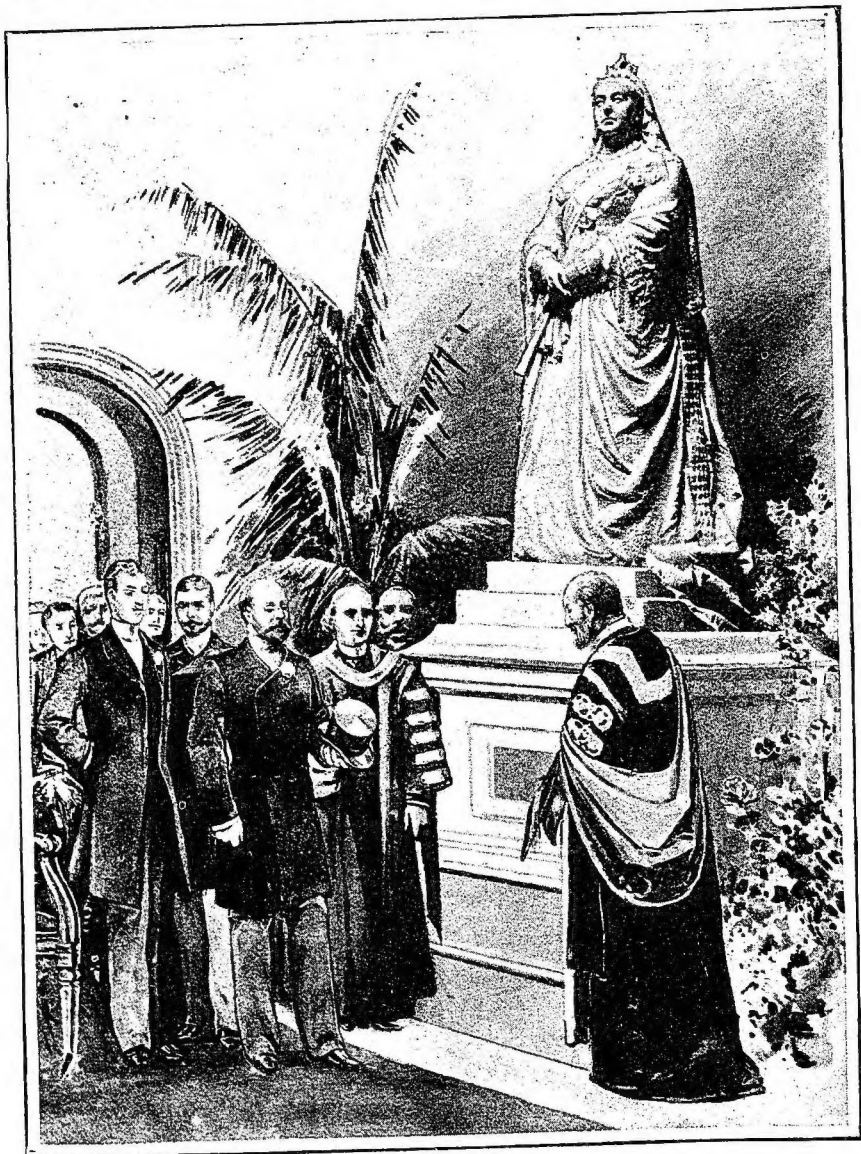
AT noon on May 24th, being the Queen's birth day, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by his sons Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, visited the Examination Hall of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of England, Victoria Embankment, for the purpose of unveiling a statue of Her Majesty, in remembrance of the Jubilee, and of her action in laying the foundation stone of the building. Within the vestibule of the hall, where the statue stands, were gathered the representatives of the Royal Colleges and many eminent physicians and surgeons. The Royal party having been escorted to a space in front of the statue, Sir Andrew

the room at that moment, and I whom he announced as 'My father, the Comte de Paris.' The latter very courteously brought me some prints and an album of most interesting photographs of the expedition taken by Prince Henry of Orleans. The Duke then gave me an account of the most exciting incident of the hunting tour—the narrow escape that he had from the claws of a tigress, explaining by means of a map the locality where the encounter took place. "Two cubs of a tigress had been shot, and the mother hemmed in by a line of elephants. There was an idea that she was crouching in a small patch of jungle behind a tree on the bank of a small stream, but none of our elephants could be got anywhere near it. After some time, my elephant, being pluckier than the others, was induced to move forward and push the tree down. While thus engaged, the tigress sprang out from beside it with a roar and a tremendous leap right to the top of my howdah, smashing in the front of it—breaking my gun with one blow of her paw and exploding the right barrel before I had time to fire. This is the gun, producing a double-barrelled rifle broken in two pieces just below the barrels, the trigger-guard and metal plates wrenched off and twisted by the force of the blow, and with one barrel discharged, the other still at half-cock. 'Fortunately for me,' continued the Prince, 'she then tumbled backwards, possibly startled by the explosion, and made off for the jungle. My elephant, mad with fright, bolted in the opposite direction, and for a considerable distance nothing would stop her. When at length we got back to the others, we found the whole line of elephants so demoralised that we had to give up sport for the day, and return to the camp. Next morning we cornered our game in nearly the same spot, and I had the good luck to bring her down just as she was crossing the river.' 'What became of the mahout when the tigress leapt on the elephant?' I asked. 'Oh, he managed to slip round in some

ceremony of presenting eight firemen, and awarding them decorations, was gone through in what the *Daily Telegraph* describes as "the vacuum of a vortex," Captain Shaw reading out their several services, and the Princess pinning the medals to their coats. The programme for the day had included various speeches, and a display of the firemen at work, but neither item could be carried out. Meanwhile reinforcements of constables had been sent for, and some mounted police cleared a way through the crowd for the Royal carriages to the Horse Guards. The Prince and Princess entered the building, and appeared at the windows of the Levée Room, being greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers by the crowd, amongst whom an exaggerated report had been spread of the Royal party having been dangerously mobbed. Many distinguished personages, and amongst others the Duke of Cambridge, met with somewhat rough treatment in the crowd, and it is a matter of congratulation that no serious casualty had to be recorded. The engines were then galloped round for the inspection of the Prince and Princess, and then left the ground. Shortly afterwards the Royal party re-entered their carriages, and drove off amid renewed cheers from the remaining crowd.

WRECK OF THE "GETTYSBURG"

ON February 6th the barque *Gettysburg*, of 1,024 tons register, owned by Mr. James Milne, of Aberdeen, sailed from Montevideo, for Pensacola, with a crew of sixteen hands. On March 30th she struck on a coral reef off Morant Cayes, some thirty-three miles from Jamaica, fell over on her port side seaward, and at once began to break up. For some time the captain (John Stuart) and ten of the crew clung to the ship's bottom. After a while an able seaman, named Carter, who showed great pluck and resource, swam for a yard and spar which were floating by. He and another man named



Clark, President of the Royal College of Physicians, delivered a brief address, to which the Prince of Wales, after unveiling the statue, made a terse reply. Presentations were then made to the Prince of Wales, and, after inspecting the Hall, the Royal party departed. The statue stands on a plinth, and is of Sicilian marble. Her Majesty is depicted as wearing the small crown, and is standing with the right hand over the left. The drapery of the dress, robes, and jewelry are finely carved. The Queen gave the sculptor, Mr. F. J. Williamson, seven sittings, and the Prince said he had never seen a finer representation of his mother.

THE DUC D'ORLEANS AND THE TIGRESS

THE Duke of Orleans has recently returned from India, where he has been serving as a lieutenant in the British Army, and as gallanter A.D.C. to General Luck and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Roberts, and, during the intervals of service, has earned considerable distinction as a hunter of "big" game. While on a visit to Lord Dufferin at Calcutta, the Viceroy organised a grand shooting expedition in Nepal, and the Duke, accompanied by his cousin, Prince Henry of Orleans, M. de Parseval, M. de Boissy, the Duke of Montrose, and the Marquess and Marchioness de Mores, with a number of beaters, elephants, tents, &c., hunted the Nepalese country for about 160 miles, on the left bank of the Cootee River, the expedition lasting about six weeks.

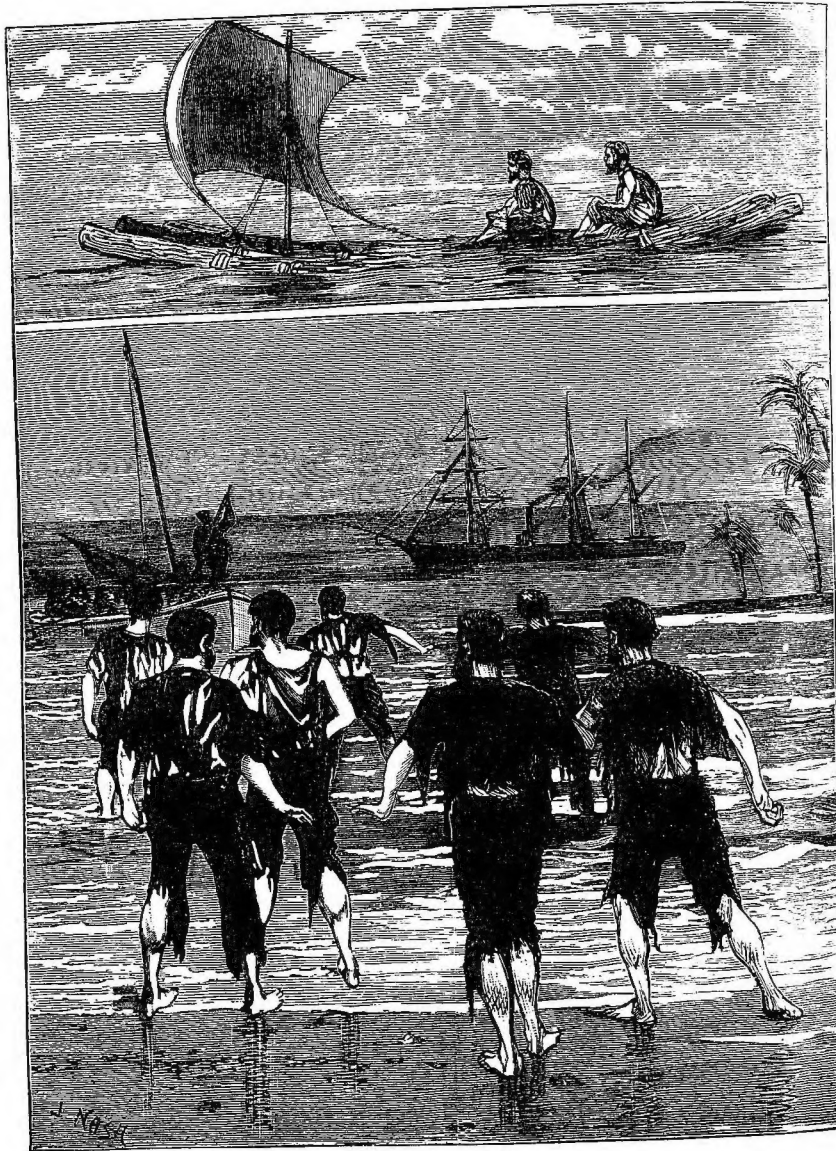
On calling at Sheen House lately, our artist was shown up to the room of the Duke of Orleans, which was literally crammed with spoils of the chase—tiger-skins and skulls, pythons, crocodiles, bears, birds, huge antlers, and all kinds of richly-inlaid arms and Oriental curios. "The Duke pointed out the skins of seven very fine tigers he had shot, another was away being stuffed. On hearing that I had been over nearly the same ground with the Prince of Wales he was much interested, and asked me various questions concerning the number and size of the tigers the Prince shot, and the methods of beating on that occasion—"We," he said, "had sixty howdah and pad elephants, thirty lent by the Nepalese Government. I mentioned that the Prince of Wales had at one period as many as 700 elephants with him. The Duke expressed great surprise and repeated the statement to a tall stately gentleman, who entered

extraordinary way under the elephant's ears, and was unhurt, but lost his headdress. Here was the tree," said the Duke, moving a paper-weight on his writing-table, "and here my elephant, and the tigress sprang from this side. I am unable to show you the beast, as her skin is now at Ward's being stuffed, but if you could go there you would see it." Our artist made a rough sketch of the incident, and, after one or two alterations suggested by the Duke, he was pleased to say that "he liked it much, and that it gave a very good idea of his adventure."

Our artist wishes to tender his acknowledgments for assistance in drawing the tigress to Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., of 166, Piccadilly, who has admirably stuffed the brute as if in the act of springing.

THE FIRE BRIGADE PARADE

WHAT should have been a picturesque and interesting ceremony on Saturday was spoilt by one of those extraordinary blunders which are occasionally perpetrated in public gatherings, and for which it is difficult to fix the responsibility on any one in particular. It had been arranged that Captain Shaw and his gallant army of London firemen should pass in review with their engines before the Prince and Princess of Wales on the Horse Guards Parade, and that afterwards the Princess should present awards to certain firemen who had especially distinguished themselves. The arrangements were presumably made by the County Council, and it had been decided that the ground should be kept by the Queen's Westminster Volunteers under Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P. Long before the appointed time, however, a great crowd had assembled. When the Volunteers marched up, they were far too few to form a guard round the whole area, or even to keep the enclosure for which the County Council had issued special tickets. Consequently, when the Royal carriages arrived with the Prince and Princess and their daughters, they were completely surrounded by the crowd, and a great scene of disorder ensued. Captain Shaw managed with much difficulty to reach the Royal carriage, placed a fireman at each door, and then Miss Shaw was brought through the crowd by a bodyguard of the Volunteer Firemen of London, and presented a bouquet to the Princess. Next, the



Crawford made a rough sort of raft, and by means of this they rescued their shipmates, six excepted, who were drowned. Their first destination was a small island, but, as there was no water on it, they removed to another, where they found water, and remained eighteen days, subsisting on shell-fish and small crabs. Then, having made a more substantial raft out of the wreckage of the *Gettysburg* (they waded to the island on which she was wrecked), two men, named Jones and Allen, started on the raft, and, after forty-eight hours, reached Beacon Bay, Jamaica, quite exhausted. Here they were provided with food and clothes, while H.M.S. *Forward*, Commander Grey, was sent to succour the survivors, who were all safely removed after twenty-five days on the island, and were eventually landed at Plymouth last Saturday by the Royal Mail Company's steamer *Para*, Captain Brander.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT BELFAST

THE visit of Prince Albert Victor to Belfast last week was in every way a distinct success, and his warm reception by all classes cannot but engender the wish that such visits on the part of the Royal Family to our Sister Isle were more frequent. The two chief functions performed by the Prince were the opening of the Alexandra Graving Dock and the laying the foundation-stone of the new Albert Bridge. The first ceremony took place on Tuesday week, when the city was handsomely decorated in honour of the occasion. The Prince was received by the Harbour Commissioners, and in his reply to their address of welcome he alluded pleasantly to his visit four years ago, when his mother laid the foundation-stone of the dock. The Prince and the Commissioners then drove to the dock, when the Prince at once walked to the caisson, and having been handed a silver knife by Mr. Musgrave, Chairman of the Belfast Harbour Commissioners, severed a golden cord to which a bottle of champagne was attached, saying, "I have great pleasure in naming this the Alexandra Dock." The water at once began to flow into the dock, and the Prince went on board a large vessel, the *Teutonic*, built for the White Star Line, in which he steamed into the dock. He then landed, and was entertained at lunch by the Commissioners, whose health the Prince proposed in a few well-chosen words, pronouncing the new dock "perfect in every sense of the word," and a

credit to the city of Belfast. In the evening he dined with the officers of the Gordon Highlanders. He subsequently attended a ball given in his honour in the Ulster Hall. Next day the Prince was the guest of the Mayor and Corporation of Belfast. He was first officially received and welcomed at the Free Library, the Prince making an appropriate response to the address of the Corporation, when he heartily congratulated upon the marked advance which has taken place in the material progress of their city, "which," he continued, "I believe is solely to be attributed to the energetic public spirit evinced by all classes of its inhabitants." The Prince then drove to the site of the new Albert Bridge, and laid the



foundation stone amid the cheers of a large assembly. He was subsequently entertained at luncheon at the Town Hall, and, in response to the toast of "The Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family," expressed his especial thanks for the manner in which he had been received in the streets of Belfast, and declared that his reception during the past two days would long remain in his memory.

THE DUC D'ORLEANS

ON Thursday the Comte and Comtesse de Paris celebrated their Silver Wedding at Sheen House, Mortlake, where they are now residing. Twenty-five years ago they were married at St. Raphael's Roman Catholic Church, Kingston-on-Thames, and a special service was to be celebrated there in the morning. In connection



with this ceremony also the engagement was to be announced of their eldest son, the Duc d'Orleans, with his first cousin, the Princess Marguerite, the daughter of the Duc de Chartres. The Duke was born in February, 1869, at Twickenham, and the Princess Marguerite in January of the same year.—Our portrait is from a photograph by S. M. Lawrie and Co., Lucknow, India.

THE SPECIAL COMMISSION,

See page 599.

LADY MEDICAL STUDENTS,

See page 593.

MILITARY WORKS IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

THE Australian Colonies have of late years paid great attention to the subject of their local defences, and the Colonies of Victoria and New South Wales in particular have advanced with rapid strides. South Australia has unfortunately undergone a period of depression, from which its inhabitants are now rapidly recovering, and the importance of protecting their chief harbour and capital city is now being recognised in a more practical way. There are two forts already constructed, and these will be supplemented by a third, which it is proposed to erect at once, as the heavy breech-loading ordnance to be mounted thereat has already been landed on the proposed site. The following guns are now in the Colony mounted or ready to be mounted:—Two 9.2-inch breech-loaders on hydropneumatic carriages, two 6-inch breech-loaders on similar carriages, two 20-ton 10-inch rifled muzzle-loaders, two 12-ton 8-inch rifled muzzle-loaders, two 80-pounders, and two 64-pounder rifled muzzle-loading guns. The forts are manned by a small force of permanent artillerymen, who are under the command of Major J. M. Gordon, the officer who first, in 1882, raised, and has since commanded and trained, the local gunners. The men are recruited principally from Colonial-born subjects, and are found to make thorough good soldiers. The conduct of the force is carried out on exactly similar lines as is the case in the batteries of the Royal Artillery—the men being under the Army Act, 1861, and Queen's Regulations, subject only to a difference on the question of pay. At the present time over eighty per cent. of the men wear the Queen's uniform stripe, and during the last twelve months there has only been one case of desertion. This speaks for itself, and we can congratulate South Australia on the result. The sketches show the mounting of the 9.2 breechloading gun, weighing twenty-two tons, at the site proposed for the new battery, by the permanent staff. Fort Glanville is the head-quarter fort, and the military authorities hope soon to replace the two 64-pounders mounted there by two 8-inch breech-loading guns. The whole of the forces, comprising the permanent Artillery Militia and Volunteer forces of the Colony, are under the command of Major General Downes, C.M.G. (retired R.A.). Major Gordon (retired R.A.) commands the permanent force, has been D.A.A.-General since 1885, and was Acting-Commandant for three months this year. Captain Lovett, Somersetshire Light Infantry, has now been appointed Brigade-Major.—Our engravings are from photographs by Bradley, 149, Rundle Street, Adelaide, S.A. The portrait of Major Downes is from a photograph by John Hood, Glenelg, S.A. That of Major Gordon is unnamed.

THE KING OF ITALY IN BERLIN

KING HUMBERT'S visit to Berlin last week was marked with all the pomp and splendour with which one monarch could greet a fellow sovereign. Emperor William spared no pains to show his

guest honour, and the bedecked houses, the triumphal arches, and other festive structures, and the throngs of cheering spectators showed how well he was seconded in his hospitality by official and popular circles. Indeed it was generally felt that the visit was more than one of mere courtesy, and that behind all this show and glitter lay matter of deep political moment—so that, apart from any personal welcome which might be accorded to the Italian monarch, it was necessary to show Europe in general, and Russia and France in particular, how closely bound together Germany and Italy are by the Tripartite Alliance. When the train conveying King Humbert and his son arrived at the Anhalt Station, Berlin, on Monday week, the meeting between the Emperor and his guest was most affectionate, and the two sovereigns remained embraced for several moments, kissing each other repeatedly, while the band of the guard of honour played the Italian National Anthem. King Humbert wore the light blue uniform of his Hesse Cassel Hussar Regiment, while the Emperor appeared in the white uniform of the Life Guards, and wore the order of the Annunziata. The greeting over, and the civic authorities of Berlin having, in their turn, bidden welcome to King Humbert, the two sovereigns entered a carriage, and drove in procession to the Schloss, the whole route, nearly a mile and a-half, being magnificently decorated, and lined with troops of all arms and dense throngs of spectators. Bursts of military music, artillery salutes, and deafening *hoops* and *cannon* from the populace greeted the monarchs as they drove slowly along, and, in front of the Opera House, the procession was brought to a halt under a gorgeous pavilion of cream and gold. Here had assembled the representatives of Art and Letters, who were appropriately attired as motley-garbed Lantzknights, with their partizans and halberds, as Italian nobles in Venetian costume, nor were there wanting wreath-crowned Margarets to complete the picturesque scene. On the arrival of the two sovereigns, a numerous array of trumpeters and singers burst forth into the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and a damsel clad in Roman attire stepped forward and recited an Ode of Welcome. Thence the Royal carriage drove straight to the Schloss, where the Empress was in waiting to receive the King. In the evening there was a grand banquet, and next morning the Emperor paraded the troops of the Berlin garrison before the King—the Emperor himself leading the Second Foot Guards past the saluting point. A grand military banquet followed, at which the Emperor and the King toasted each other, the former alluding to the motto of the House of Savoy, *Sempre avanti*, "by which the unity of Italy was achieved," and the latter declaring that "having separately achieved their unity, Germany and Italy now form a guarantee of the peace of Europe." On the Thursday there was another review—this time at Potsdam—and another banquet, after which King Humbert was taken by the Emperor and Empress to the Friedenskirche, where he laid a wreath on the tomb of the late Emperor Frederick, and then to Friedrichskron, where the late Emperor died. Next day there was more military pageantry in the form of a sham fight, a State concert taking place in the evening; and on Saturday King Humbert, amongst other entertainments, attended a military steeplechase, a grand banquet taking place in the evening, after which the King was serenaded by the massed bands of the Berlin Garrison. On Sunday the King and his son attended Mass, and, in the evening, left Berlin, the Emperor accompanying him to the station, and taking a most affectionate leave of him.

THE "NEW CHUM" IN AUSTRALIA

THE meaning of these sketches is sufficiently explained by their sub-titles; the moral which they are intended to convey appears to be somewhat to the following effect. You Europeans still scornfully entertain the idea, which no doubt had some justification thirty or forty years ago, that we Antipodeans are a rough, uncivilised crew, wearing cabbage-tree hats, blue flannel jumpers, and dungaree trousers, that our time is occupied in cracking stock-whips, washing dishes of gold-bearing "dirt" in the nearest creek, and drinking unlimited quantities of milkless tea out of tin pannikins. Well, here are Mr. C. T. Lamont's sketches to show you how false is such a conception even in a remote corner of the Continent like Herberton, North Queensland; he goes to play lawn-tennis, and finds that the costume worn by the ladies and gentlemen no longer savours of possums and gum-trees, but would be voted "good form" even in South Kensington. In short—tell it not in Gath—Australia is getting so painfully civilised that it runs some risk of becoming utterly uninteresting. A refreshing touch of the old Adam, however, appears in the horse adventure depicted in two of the lower engravings.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 477.

HONG KONG RACES,

AND

THOUGHTS ON MATRIMONY AND ON A SINGLE LIFE

See page 604.

ITALIAN CHILDREN ARRANGING FLOWERS

THE flowers in Signor Bechi's pretty picture are being arranged for local wants, for if they were to be transmitted to any considerable distance they would not be placed in this flimsy basket. At the same time it may be remarked that the passion for flowers has been marvellously stimulated by modern facilities of communication. Not so very long ago Northern Europe lay for many weeks of the year practically flowerless under the despotism of frost and cold, a despotism only slightly tempered by the treasures contained in rich men's hot-houses; whereas now the sunny coasts of the Mediterranean send us their floral tribute daily by rail during the winter months, and the City dandy need not forego his "button-hole" even in chilly January. This increased production of flowers, too, has its effect on the South. In the winter they grow flowers for the foreign market, and so a wider trade is developed for flowers at home, and thus they are grown every year more abundantly.

THE CAREER OF A RACE HORSE,

See pp. 607 et seqq

KEW GARDENS have a new entrance, which will greatly benefit visitors coming from the railway-station. A fresh road now runs direct to the Gardens from the station, and at the top a gateway has been cut through the high brick wall surrounding the grounds, so that the former circuitous route is avoided.

AN EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, illustrating "Sport," by Mr. Edward Kennard, is now on view at Messrs. Reynolds and Co.'s Art Gallery, 32, St. James's Street, Piccadilly. Mr. Kennard's popular illustrations of Norwegian life, "Fishing in Strange Waters," we reviewed last year. Since then it has gone through three editions. His drawings in this Gallery comprise incidents in every branch of sport. Scenes in India, in Scotland, in a Leicestershire hunting field, are all drawn with equal vigour, and prove that a sportsman's hand holds the artist's brush. We may add that, by an ingenious automatic process, duplicates in water-colours, which cannot be distinguished from the originals, are sold at a price which places them within reach of even an ill-filled purse.



AMERICAN ARTISTS are very anxious to abolish the existing duty of 30 per cent. on foreign pictures entering the United States. Some of the leading painters and art collectors in New York are now organising a movement to induce the Government to repeal the tax.

AN EARLY LOVE-AFFAIR OF PRINCE BISMARCK'S has been unearthed by a Tyrolean traveller. When the Chancellor was still a fiery Junker he often visited the little watering-place of Mitterbad, and at last fell desperately in love with Josefa Holzner, the daughter of the humble attendant at the springs. The father, who was a devout Catholic, would not hear of giving his daughter to a heretic, and so the lovers parted.

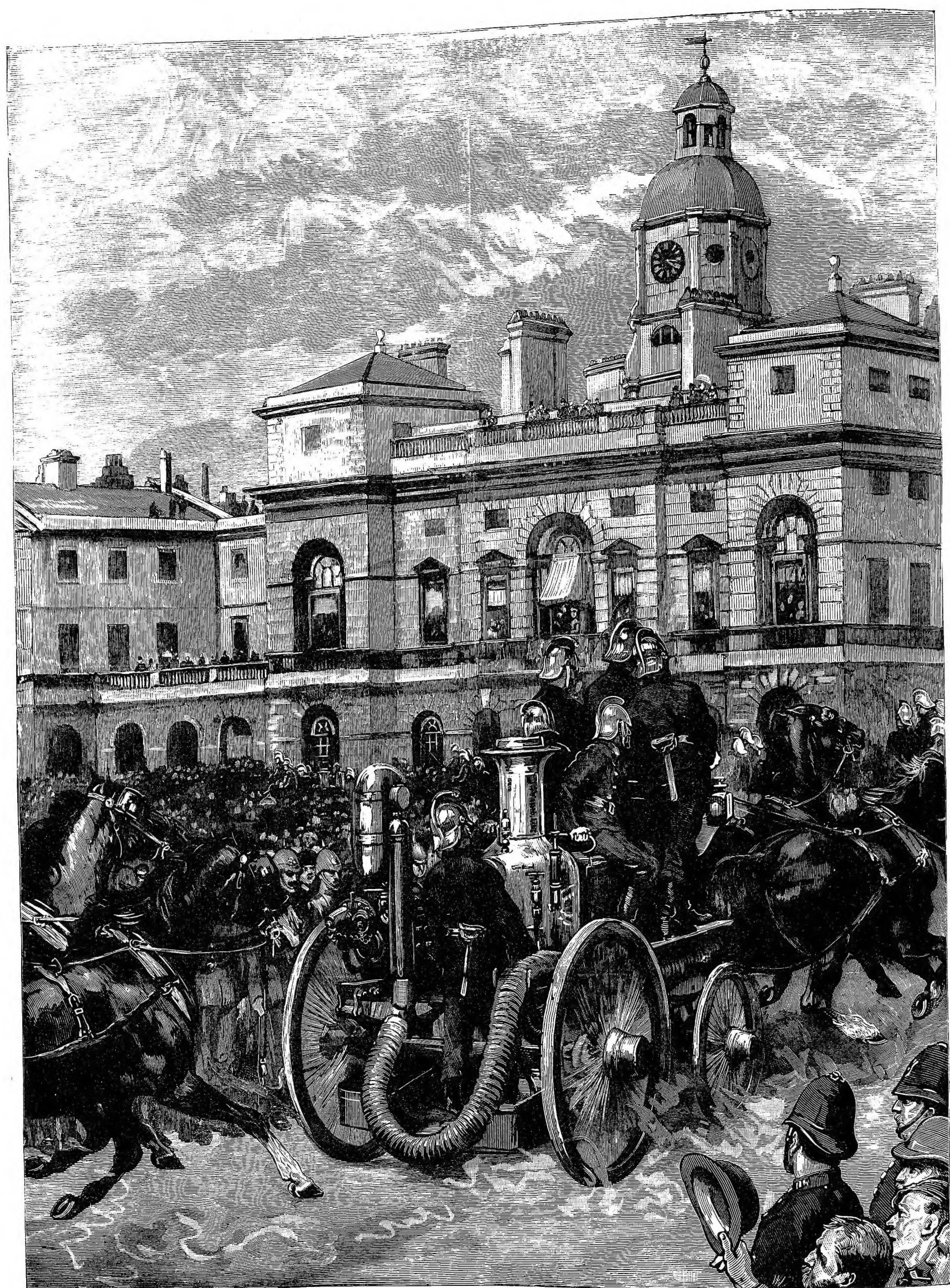
THE TOMB OF VIRGIL AT POSILIPPO, just outside Naples, is for sale. Hitherto it has belonged to a Frenchman, who made a fair income from the entrance fees of numerous visitors, and the Government is being strongly urged to purchase the tomb as a national monument. The tomb is a small square building with a domed roof, standing on the hillside amongst vineyards and orchards, which originally composed Virgil's farm, where the poet wrote part of the "Georgics" and the "Æneid." Formerly the urn containing Virgil's ashes occupied one of the ten niches—now empty—and in 1326 marble columns and statues further decorated the edifice, together with the epitaph written by Virgil himself.

THE KING OF ITALY'S APARTMENTS AT BERLIN during his recent visit were very plainly furnished in comparison with the gorgeous suite provided for Emperor William when he stayed in Rome last year. The King's study was hung with grey silk, and on the writing-table stood a colossal inkstand, shaped like a boat, and a metal bowl of flowers which economically served to hold a lamp at night, the flowers being then removed. The bedroom was simply decorated with blue, and contained mahogany furniture and a handsome Empire mirror, but the bath-room was very plainly arranged. The Prince of Naples' rooms adjoined his father's suite, and were equally unostentatious. The two Sovereigns were obliged to converse in French, as neither understood the other's language, while at the official banquets the Emperor toasted his guest in German, and King Humbert replied in Italian. By the way Emperor William created quite a peach-famine in Paris by buying up all the best specimens of the Montreuil crop for the Berlin banquets. Consequently, over 14 was asked in Paris for a good peach.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—Statisticians are comparing the number of visitors during the first fortnight of the present Exhibition with those of the two former in 1867 and 1878. All three Exhibitions opened on Monday, May 6th. In 1867 the first two weeks produced 486,404 entries, in 1878 the numbers rose to 512,382, in 1889 they reached 1,048,838.—There is a strong feeling in many circles that the finest of the Exhibition buildings should be made permanent on the Champ de Mars at the close of the Exhibition proper, and M. Frébault, a Deputy for the Seine, will shortly bring the suggestion before the Chamber. They would be most useful for the various Exhibitions constantly opened in Paris, and which often cannot be accommodated in the Palais de l'Industrie.—Coming Royal visitors include the King of the Sandwich Islands, Kalakaua, with his niece, Princess Kalukau; Dinah Salifu, King of Nalou, in Senegal, and the heir to the throne of Mellicore.—Visitors to the Eiffel Tower complain grievously of the lack of seats on the second platform. After the toilsome ascent, the view would be far better enjoyed sitting than standing. Letterboxes are to be installed on the Tower, that visitors may have the pleasure of despatching epistles with the post-mark "à la Tour Eiffel."—The pickpockets are active, to say nothing of the rascals who profit by the dusk to cut away handsome jet ornaments and embroidery from ladies' dresses and mantles. The day's spoil found on one light-fingered gentleman consisted of four purses, six entrance-tickets, a red handkerchief, a white veil, a tobacco pouch, a button-hook, a match box with keys, and ten francs in gold, besides various foreign monies. His wife had been more fortunate, and had secured a brooch, a pair of earrings, seven gold rings, a leathern bracelet containing a watch, 49 francs, a purse with 47 francs, and over 34 of English money.

DR. NANSSEN'S SNOWSHOE JOURNEY ACROSS THE GREENLAND ICE is described more in detail now that the explorer has returned safely to Copenhagen after wintering at Godthaab. The expedition was one continued toilsome struggle over rough ice, through loose snow, and across dangerous crevasses, amidst bitter cold and constant snowstorms. After leaving the coast-land or "outsirts," the only part where human beings can exist, Dr. Nansen and his companions travelled for forty days over the "inland ice" some 300 miles, till they reached the coast-land on the other side of Greenland, and from their observations fully confirmed the opinion that the interior is simply an uninhabitable glacier. They endured twelve days' drifting amongst the ice before they could make their first landing at Andretoek, on the eastern coast near Cape Farewell, and then found themselves too far south for a fair start. So they worked northwards along the coast, meeting a few natives, who either were too lazy to help, or fled affrighted, thinking the explorers supernatural beings. Dr. Nansen at last started inland from Umivik on August 15th, with five sledges carrying the stores, each dragged by a man on snow-shoes. These stores consisted of dried meat, biscuits, and tobacco, as a Sunday treat, with cooking apparatus, guns, a tent, sleeping bags, and scientific instruments. While the weather was warm, the explorers walked by night and slept by day; but they soon came into the cold regions, where drinking water could only be had by melting snow, and they had to toil up steep ascents against wind and driving sleet. By August 27th they were fifty miles inland, in 65 deg., and at a height of 7,000 feet. Then they turned towards Godthaab, but still ascended till they reached 9,000 feet when they crossed a huge plateau like a frozen sea. As far as Dr. Nansen could calculate, the thermometer then fell to fifty below zero, Centigrade. When the wind was favourable, the expedition rigged masts and sails on the sledges, and were pulled along on their snow-shoes, travelling at a tremendous rate. Once a terrible snowstorm fairly buried their tent, and once they nearly fell into a huge chasm; but by Michaelmas Day they had reached the west coast at Ameralik Fjord, and were within reach of civilisation. The explorers made a rough boat of tent-flooring and sackcloth, in which Dr. Nansen and a companion reached Godthaab, the rest following later. It was too late in the season to return to Denmark, but the explorers seem to have spent a jolly winter till they left in April. Dr. Nansen twice again tried to penetrate the inland ice, both in March and April, but was checked by bad weather.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and numbered 1,267 against 1,231 during the previous seven days, when the return was 376 below the average, and at the rate of 14.8 per 1,000 lower than during any week in July. Last week the numbers were 295 below the average, and at the rate of 15.2 per 1,000. The births during the past two weeks have numbered respectively 2,648 and 2,422, being 10 and 281 below the average.



THE GALLOP PAST

DISPLAY OF FIRE ENGINES BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE



MRS. MARY SCHARLIEB
The First Lady M.D. of the University of London



MISS MARY LOUISA WORLEY
First M.A. of the year, and winner of the Gold Medal in Classics

HONOURS FOR LADIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

LADY MEDICAL GRADUATES

AMONG those who were recently presented to Lord Granville, the Chancellor of the University of London, on what is known as "Presentation Day," at Burlington House, were Mrs. Mary Scharlieb, who has recently received the M.D. Degree from the London University, and whose career, as her biography will show, has been a remarkable one for a woman; and Miss Worley, who won the Gold Medal in Classics, and stood at the head of the M.A.'s of the year. We subjoin some account of these two noteworthy ladies.

MISS WORLEY

MARY LOUISA WORLEY was educated at the North London Collegiate School for Girls, and at Girton College, Cambridge. She matriculated at the London University in 1883, being third on the list, and gaining an Exhibition. In 1886 she passed the B.A. Degree, gaining Honours in Classics, and in 1888 took her Classical Tripos at Cambridge, and the

M.A. Degree at London University, gaining the Gold Medal. She is twenty-four years of age.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, 14, Pembroke Crescent, Notting Hill Gate, W.

MRS. SCHARLIEB

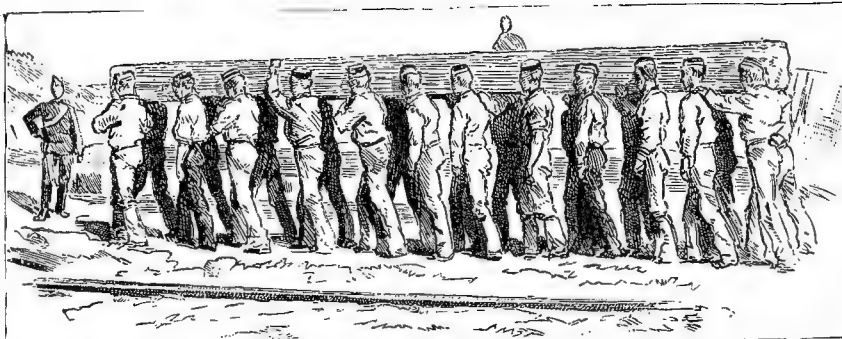
MRS. MARY SCHARLIEB sends the following account of herself:—"I was born in London in 1845, received a good general education, married William Mason Scharlieb, barrister-at-law, and went with him to Madras in 1866. Early in 1871 I commenced the study of medicine privately, was admitted to the Madras Medical College in 1875, and received the College Licence in July, 1878. I came to London, studied for the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery (M.B., B.S.), and passed the examinations in November and December, 1882. I was awarded the University Scholarship and Gold Medal in Obstetric Medicine, Honours in Medicine, Forensic Medicine, and Surgery. I then went to Vienna to improve my knowledge of obstet-

rics, and diseases of the ear and eye. I returned to India in August, 1883, made an excellent practice, and succeeded (chiefly through the influence of the late Governor's wife, Lady Grant Duff) in establishing the Royal Victoria Hospital for High Caste and Goshia Women in 1886. Early in 1887 I was compelled by ill-health to leave India for ever. I began to practise in London in 1887, and am doing very well. In December, 1888, I passed the degree of M.D. of the London University. While in Madras I held the appointments of Lecturer on Obstetric Medicine to the Women Students of the Madras Medical College, and of Examiner to the University of Madras in Obstetrics, Diseases of Women and Children, Materia Medica, and Therapeutics. I am now Senior Physician to out-patients at the New Hospital, Marylebone Road; Lecturer on Forensic Medicine to the London School of Medicine for Women; and Queen's Lecturer on Physiology to the National Association of Nurses."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

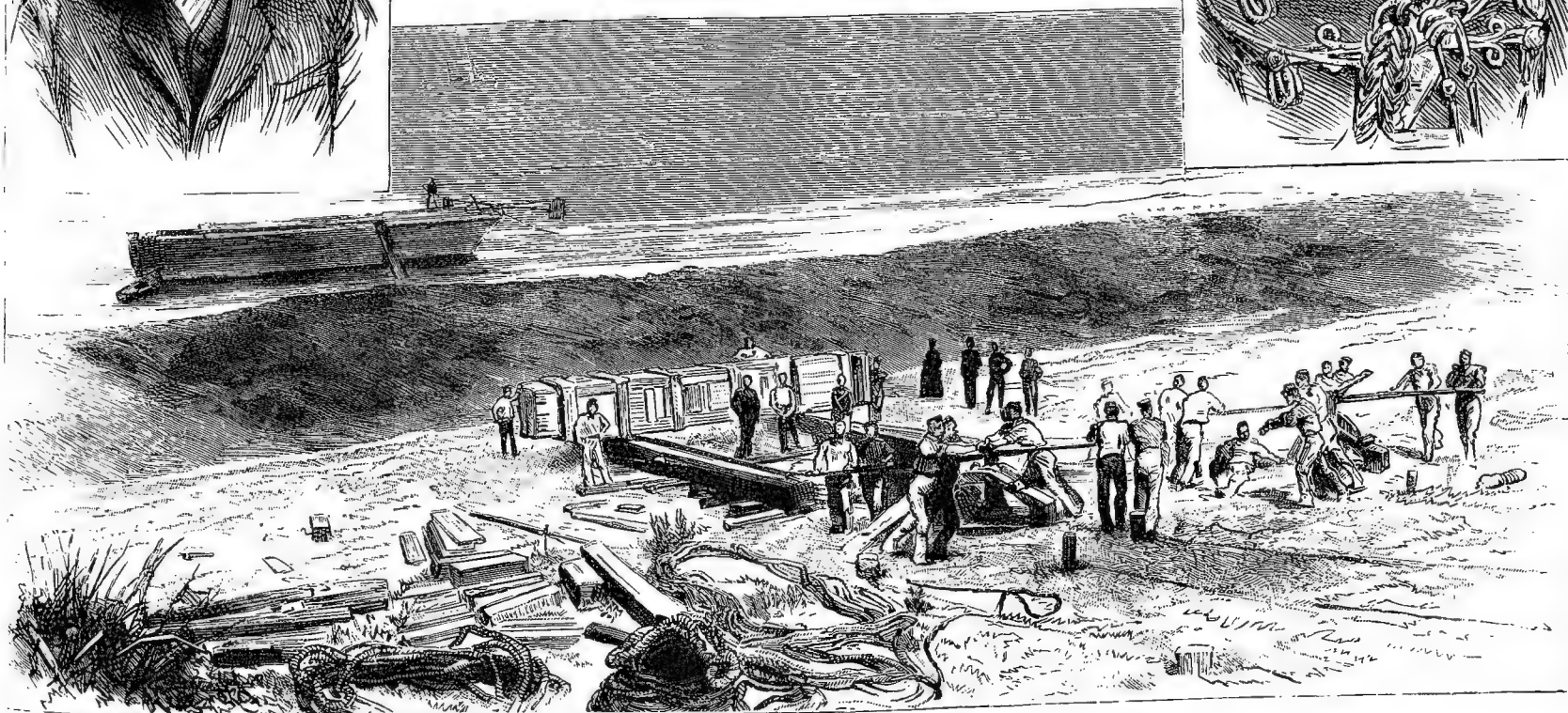
MAJOR-GENERAL M. F. DOWNES, C.M.G.



MAJOR GORDON



GUNNERS WALKING THE HEAVY SKID



BREECHLOADER GUN IN CASE LANDED FROM A BARGE

THE DEFENCES OF OUR COLONIES MILITARY WORKS NOW IN PROGRESS IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

FOREIGN

FRANCE is beginning to think of other subjects besides the Exhibition, now that the first flush of the festivities is past. Thus there have been sundry skirmishes in the Chamber, where the Opposition baited the Government for their inaction in following up the proceedings against the Comptoir d'Escompte and General Boulanger. M. Thevenet declared that the affairs of both the Comptoir d'Escompte and the Société de Métaux were being thoroughly investigated, and that the delinquents would be properly prosecuted in due course. The Boulanger scene was more lively, for M. Laguerre, one of the General's most devoted henchmen, wanted to interpellate the Minister of Justice on the tardiness of the High Court of Justice, hinting that the Court was trying to put off the trial till the elections. The President of the Chamber declared that the House could not interfere with the High Court, so M. Casaghnac rushed into the fray, denounced the Government as indulging in nefarious electioneering manoeuvres, and was challenged to a duel by M. Camille Dreyfus in the name of the majority, finally being formally censured for his un-Parliamentary language. The interpellation then dropped, but reappeared in a different form under the care of M. Andrieux, and caused a fresh din, where the same arguments were repeated, till the Government succeeded in getting the Order of the Day passed by a majority of 122. The Radicals had a field-day on Sunday, when they made their usual pilgrimage to Pere Lachaise on the anniversary of the Communist massacre during the entry of the Versailles troops in 1871. Some years ago this annual demonstration was a very unruly episode, when the police tried to keep it under control, but now that the Radicals are wisely let alone they simply march peaceably to the *bour des Fédérés*, where the rebels were shot re-handled, and lament their heroism with much oratory and display of red flags. Most of the Parisians preferred going to the Exhibition, which continues as crowded as ever, while foreigners are now pouring into the city. To-night (Saturday) there is a grand *fête* with illuminations and fireworks, and for the next few weeks Paris will be at her gayest for the benefit of the excursionists. The theatres produce a few small novelties, such as the amusing farce at the Théâtre Dejazet, *Les Deux Aïds*, by MM. Cernoise and Gugenheim, but mostly present revivals, such as Ponsard's *Charlotte Corday* at the Odéon and the merry comedy, *Ma Camarade*, at the Palais Royal.

MISCELLANEOUS.—SPAIN suffers severely from Obstruction in Parliament, where the Opposition so hamper the Government that the sittings have been temporarily suspended, even the President siding with the Obstructionists. If no compromise can be made, the Session will probably be closed till the autumn.—In ITALY, the agrarian agitation has greatly calmed down, but the women employed on some rice plantations near Bologna struck, and pillaged the bakers' shops until the troops restored order.—In BELGIUM, the great Socialist trial at Mons, where twenty-two workmen were charged with plotting against the State, has ended unfortunately for the Government, the prosecution having quite broken down. Nineteen of the accused were acquitted, and three condemned to nominal penalties.—SERVIA is again in trouble, owing to fresh riots in Belgrade, aroused by a popular demonstration of the Progressionists under M. Garashanin. The latter is so unpopular with the mob, that he is under close police protection.—Another British man-of-war has come to grief in foreign waters, the *Surprise* having collided with the Liverpool steamer *Nesta*, when 130 miles east of Malta. The *Nesta* sank, only one man being drowned, and the *Surprise* managed to get into Malta with some damage.—In EAST AFRICA serious sickness prevails at Zanzibar, and the British squadron suffer considerably, though not so badly as the German.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Volksraad of the Orange Free State has ratified the treaty of political alliance with the Transvaal.

THE COURT

THE QUEEN'S seventieth birthday was kept with much ceremony in London and the provinces. Being at Windsor on the anniversary for the first time for many years, Her Majesty witnessed the guard mounting and the trooping of the colours by the garrison in the Castle Quadrangle, the troops subsequently marching past the Royal party, which included Princess Christian and her daughters, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Albany, and Prince Henry, with his sister, the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg. Royal salutes were also fired, and the Windsor bells rang. The Prince and Princess of Wales and family lunched with the Queen, while in the evening the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their youngest daughter arrived on a visit, and Her Majesty gave a family dinner-party, the band of the 11st Life Guards playing during the meal. The Queen afterwards drove through Windsor to witness the illuminations. The anniversary was formally celebrated on Saturday, when banquets and reviews abounded in the provinces, while in London the trooping of the colours at the Horse Guards was the chief feature, followed in the evening by official entertainments and illuminations. The Queen herself drove with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to Cumberland Lodge to congratulate Princess Christian on her forty-third birthday, and later Her Majesty received Mr. Robert Lincoln, the new United States Minister, who presented his credentials. Viscount Cross also had an audience, and Sir W. Jenner arrived on a visit. On Sunday the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and next day the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left the Castle. Her Majesty held a Council on

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went down to Chatham at the end of last week, for the Duke to bid farewell to the officers and crew of his old flag ship the *Alexandra* on her being paid off. On Tuesday the Duke went to Portsmouth to attend the court martial on the loss of H.M.S. *Sultan*. The Duke will be umpire-in-chief at the forthcoming naval manoeuvres, and will take the supreme command at the naval review off Spithead in July during the German Emperor's visit to the Queen. The Duke and Duchess will leave next Saturday for Kissingen, where the Duke will take the waters, whilst the Duchess goes to St. Petersburg for the wedding, on June 11th, of her youngest brother, the Grand Duke Paul, to the Princess Alexandra of Greece.—Princess Christian was to open a German Sailors' Home at Limehouse yesterday (Friday).—The Empress of Austria, with the Arch-Duchess Valérie and her fiancé, experienced a dangerous railway accident near Frankfurt, when travelling from Wiesbaden to Lainz, where they are now staying for the summer. Some of the carriages ran off the rails and were destroyed, but the Imperial party escaped with a severe shaking, and no one was seriously hurt.—The Shah of Persia will probably arrive in England at the end of the month, and stay three weeks.—The Empress Frederick will visit England during the summer, and will subsequently go to Athens for the wedding of her daughter, Princess Sophia, with the Crown Prince of Greece.

CHURCH NEWS

MISCELLANEOUS.—The *Record* understands that Canon R. B. Girdlestone has resigned the Principalship of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, which he has held since its formation in 1877, and has accepted the

charge of St. John's, Hampstead.—An anonymous donor left last week at the office of the London City Mission 490l. in Bank of England notes.—The urn, enclosed in a mahogany casket, containing the ashes of the late Marquis of Ely, who was recently buried at Woking, has been deposited in the family vault in Kensal Green Cemetery.—A movement is being promoted for a memorial of the late Father Damien, to take the form of a hospital for the treatment of leprosy in the district where he lived and died.

THE LATE MR. IRVING BISHOP

MR. WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP, the well known thought-reverer, died on May 13th, at Lamb's Hotel, New York, of hysterical catalepsy. He had been present at a club entertainment on the previous evening, and, while attempting to name a word of which one of the company had thought, he was seized with hysterical catalepsy. He was at once put to bed, and soon recovered. On resuming his thought-reading experiments, however, he was again seized with



spasms, and, in spite of the application of electric batteries, gradually sank until noon, when he expired. His widow, however, strenuously asserts that Mr. Bishop was not dead, but in a trance, as he had been on former occasions, and that the doctors killed him by opening his head in their eagerness to ascertain the condition of his brain. They have been held to bail in order that this charge may be investigated.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. S. Blandhaw and Sons, 103, Newgate Street, E.C.



THE OPERA.—Three more operas have been added to Mr. Hanley's repertory at Covent Garden. On Thursday, last week, in *Thaïs*, Miss Ella Russell again achieved considerable success in the character of the unhappy Violette, although Signor Talazac was not an ideal Alfredo, and he did not improve his chances by adopting a most extraordinary make-up. Mr. Randegger conducted. On Saturday, *Aida* was revived for the *revue* of Madame Giulia Valla, the American soprano, who, since her *début* here three years ago, has considerably improved, both as an actress and singer. Her voice, it is true, was hardly strong enough for the music of *Aida*, and she occasionally lapsed into the tremolo. But, on the other hand, she played the part in excellent fashion, showing a dramatic power of which those who had only heard her during Signor Lago's season, in 1886, could hardly have expected. Signor A. D'Andrade appeared to better advantage as Radames than in *Carmen*, but again his voice seemed hardly powerful enough for so large a theatre.

On Tuesday Boito's *Mefistofele*, one of the most acceptable productions of modern Italy, was revived with, for the most part, a familiar cast. Miss McIntyre, who sang Margaret last year, again repeated that character, and likewise undertook the music allotted to Helen of Troy in the second part, which last year was given to Miss Russell. The two characters are, however, far more effective when sung, as on Tuesday, by the same vocalist. Madame Scalchi was again the Martha, and Signor Novara the Mefistofele. The Faust was a *débutant* (Signor Massimi), who accompanied Madame Alami during her recent tour in the United States, but his voice would on the Continent rightly be considered that of a tenorino, or in other words, best suitable for the lightest music. The stage display was again magnificent, particularly in regard to the Walpurgis Night scene. But on the other hand, the great duet between Helen of Troy and Pantalis fell almost flat, and the orchestra more than once rendered the vocalists well nigh inaudible.

The Carl Rosa Troupe finished their tour on Saturday at Liverpool. It is expected that during their next provincial season, which will begin in August, their revivals will be Wallace's *Lurline*, and it is possible that Macfarren's *She Stoops to Conquer* and an English version of *Der Freyschütz* will also be mounted. Mr. Barton McGuckin and the rest of the leading members of the company have accepted re-engagements.

Mr. Maple-on will open Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday with *Don Quixote*, Madame Gargano of Madrid being the Rosina, except as to the Figaro, the rest of the cast also being new. On Monday Mlle. Pacini will appear in *La Sonnambula*.

The students of the Royal College of Music will early in July give a performance of an English version of Götz's *Taming of the Viceroy*, which Mr. Carl Rosa produced some years ago. The music is extremely difficult, but, as it has been for upwards of twelve months in preparation at the College, a fine performance is anticipated.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Dr. Hubert Parry's new Symphony in C was produced at the Philharmonic Concert on Thursday. It is purposely written for a smaller orchestra than usual, and, although the design is simplicity itself, the excellence of the workmanship is undoubted. The opening allegro is thoroughly English in type, and it has a truly beautiful second subject. The slow movement (in the aria form) is at first hearing less effective, but in the scherzo, which is almost Handel-like, the composer is once more himself, and in the *finale*, which is an air with twelve variations all in the same key, he is heard at his very best. At the same concert, M. Ysaye, the Belgian virtuoso, played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, which suits him better than the Concerto of Beethoven. He achieved even more success in an "Etude Caprice" of Paganini, and

in a "Polonaise" by Wieniawski. Herr Carl Meyer, of Cologne, sang Löwe's "Tom der Reimer," and Miss Janotha gave an admirable reading of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—A very large number of chamber concerts have been given during the past week. On the 22nd Herr Waldemar Meyer gave a violin concert, the programme including Bach's "Chaconne" and Ries' third suite for violin and pianoforte. Frau Schoepfer, of Dresden, made her *début* as a vocalist, and sang some German *lieder* very tastefully, besides a song from Mozart's *Magic Flute*, which was rather too high for her, and Brahms' "Saphic Ode," originally composed for a contralto, and now transposed.—On Friday Sir Charles Hallé performed for the first time Wagner's so-called "Album Sonata" in A flat, written in 1853 for a friend of the composer's wife. The work is in one long movement, and is more typical of Beethoven than Wagner, who, however, was certainly not at his greatest in pianoforte music. At the same concert Sir Charles and Lady Hallé gave an admirable performance of Brahms' new sonata, which we described when Miss Fanny Davies first produced it a few weeks ago. Tchaikowsky's elegiac pianoforte trio was likewise in the programme, and the variations were once more greatly admired.—On Saturday Señor Sarasate gave a chamber concert, with the assistance of Madame Berthe Marx, a sound, if not particularly brilliant, pianist. For Señor Sarasate to attempt to play the clarinet part in Weber's "Duo Concertante" on the violin was an artistic mistake, and the Spanish artist succeeded best in Schubert's "Rondeau Brilliant" and four of Dvorák's "Slavonic Dances."—On Monday M. de Pachmann gave a recital of the music of Chopin, of which he has always been considered one of the foremost exponents. He was recalled after the "Funeral March" sonata, and twice after the "Concert Allegro," Op. 46, repeated the *valse* in A flat, Op. 42, and at the end of the programme played the *valse* in D flat.—Mr. Brereton gave a song recital on Monday.—On Tuesday Mlle. Janotha gave a recital; a strong programme including the "Moonlight" sonata and Schumann's *Carnaval*, played by herself, and the "Kreutzer" sonata, played in association with Lady Hallé. The Princess of Wales was present, and warmly applauded some pianoforte sketches by Mlle. Janotha herself, typical of rambles in the Carpathian Mountains.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—On Monday Dr. Richter had another very large audience for a programme which consisted of the *Pastoral* symphony and a liberal allowance of Wagner, including the *Walkürenritt*, the "Death March" from *Götterdämmerung*, and the *Siegfried* idyll. Lohengrin's "Farewell to Elsa," and the scene of the forging of the sword Nothing from the first act of *Siegfried* were likewise announced, but were omitted, as Mr. Lloyd was stated to be suffering from hoarseness, and could not appear.—Madame Marian McKenzie at her concert at Dudley House on Friday gave a capital programme, which included Brahms' gipsy songs, besides Sullivan's "Willow Song," and the ballad from Dr. Parry's *Judith*, both sung by herself.—At the Queen's Birthday Concert at the Albert Hall on Friday night, a miscellaneous programme was remarkable chiefly for the re-appearance of Messrs. Sims Reeves and Foli.—On Tuesday the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society, a body of West-country gentlemen, who sing glees admirably, came from Bristol, and gave at St. James's Hall a concert of part songs by old and modern masters.—Concerts have also been given by Signor Romano, Mr. Harold Savory, Mr. Roynance, Mr. Luard Selby, Mr. Padel, Miss Smith, Miss Kellie, Mlle. de Lido, Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse, Miss Helen Townshend, Miss Nikita, Mr. Thorp, the Musical Guild, and very many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Among the artists engaged for the Leeds Festival are Mesdames Albani and Valleria, Misses McIntyre, Fillunger, Hilda Wilson, and Damian, Messrs. Lloyd, Piercy, McKay, Mills, Brereton, Foote, and Sarasate.—Miss Marie Engel, the operatic soprano, who has recently become the wife of M. Gustav Amberg, the German manager, is now in London on her honeymoon. We understand that she has retired from the operatic stage.—Madame Patti, who is enjoying health and success in Buenos Ayres, expects to return to Craig-y-Nos Castle about August 20th.—Mr. Hamish McCunn is to be married to Miss Pettie at the Scotch Church, Hampstead, on the 4th inst.—It is stated that an opera by Hérold entitled *La Gioventù di Enrico*, hitherto unknown in France, has just been discovered.—For their concert next season, the Glasgow Choral Union will perform Beethoven's Mass in D, McCunn's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and a new Ode by Mr. E. Duncan set to Thomas Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England."



AN ACTION OF SOME INTEREST to medical and other critics, and to those who employ them, was brought this week by Dr. Herbert Tibbits, Senior Physician of the West End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, against the well-known publishing firm of Macmillan and Co. for an alleged libel consisting of a review of his work, "Massage and Allied Methods of Treatment," which appeared in *Nature*, a scientific periodical published by the defendants. The article was a caustic one, and its key-note was struck in one of its opening sentences, which ran thus: "Any one even slightly acquainted with the subject will at once perceive that its writer, while professing to teach massage, has not mastered the first principles of the subject." The plaintiff claimed 1,000l. damages, and the defendants pleaded mainly that the subject was one of public interest, and that the article was published *bona fide*, without malice, and was fair comment. The witnesses called on both sides gave conflicting evidence as to the merits of the work and the competency of the plaintiff to deal with its subject. The writer of the examination said J. F. Little, was called, and in the course of his examination had that some severe things which he had written in his criticism had been excised by the editor. Mr. Justice Denman, before whom, with a special jury, the action was tried, commended to the jury the dictum of the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in a similar case, that if literature was to be free so must criticism, provided always that the critic wrote fairly, unactuated by any private or malicious intention. The jury having given a verdict for the plaintiff, damages one farthing, the judge refused him his costs, so that each side will have to pay its own.

A SOLICITOR'S CLERK insured his life with a Scotch Insurance Company having an office in the City. His widow sued it in connection with the policy, and a Judge in Chambers "restrained" the action, the Company pleading that as it was a Scotch Corporation no action could lie against it in the English Courts. The Queen's Bench Division, on appeal, confirmed the Judge's decision, with costs against the appellant, the Court remarking that it was a great hardship that it should be so, but as a domiciled Scotchman or Irishman cannot be sued in the English Courts, a Scotch or Irish Corporation is in the same position.

A BOOKSELLER, TRIED AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT for selling some of Zola's impure novels, pleaded that he did not publish them, and had sold them without knowing their character, an assistant having procured them for a customer who had ordered them. He had undertaken not to sell any more of them, and to pay the costs. The prosecutors, a Vigilance Society, whose only desire was to stop the sale of the books, asked that under these cir-

cumstances no punishment should be inflicted, and the defendant entered into his own recognisances in the sum of 100l. to come up for judgment if called on. This institution of proceedings may be a warning, however, to vendors less unconscious of the character of such books than the defendant appears to have been.

AN OLD OFFENDER OF FIFTY, who had suffered, under one sentence or another, twenty-seven years' imprisonment, pleaded guilty at the Central Criminal Court to two indictments for burglary. He begged hard for a lenient sentence, and produced a letter in which he said "a lady" had promised to marry him and take him away to America. Certainly a person described as "a well-dressed middle-aged woman" did appear in Court and endorse this statement, on which the prisoner exclaimed, "Oh, my lord, give me another chance! I shall never have such another chance again!" The "lady" having joined her entreaties to his, and audibly promised to marry him when he "came out," the Common Serjeant amiably consented to give him the other chance prayed for, and gave him only nine months' imprisonment with hard labour—a sentence with which he seemed quite satisfied.

THE WESTMINSTER POLICE-MAGISTRATE refused the request of a cabman to be punished with a fine for having been tipsy when in charge of a brougham, and thus damaging a gentleman's carriage. He gave him twenty-one days with hard labour, remarking that the injury done by drunken cabmen was incalculable. He awarded the same punishment to another cabman who, when drunk, had run over an old woman, and considerably damaged the contents of her truck, laden with fish and crockery.

MR. FRANK MOSS

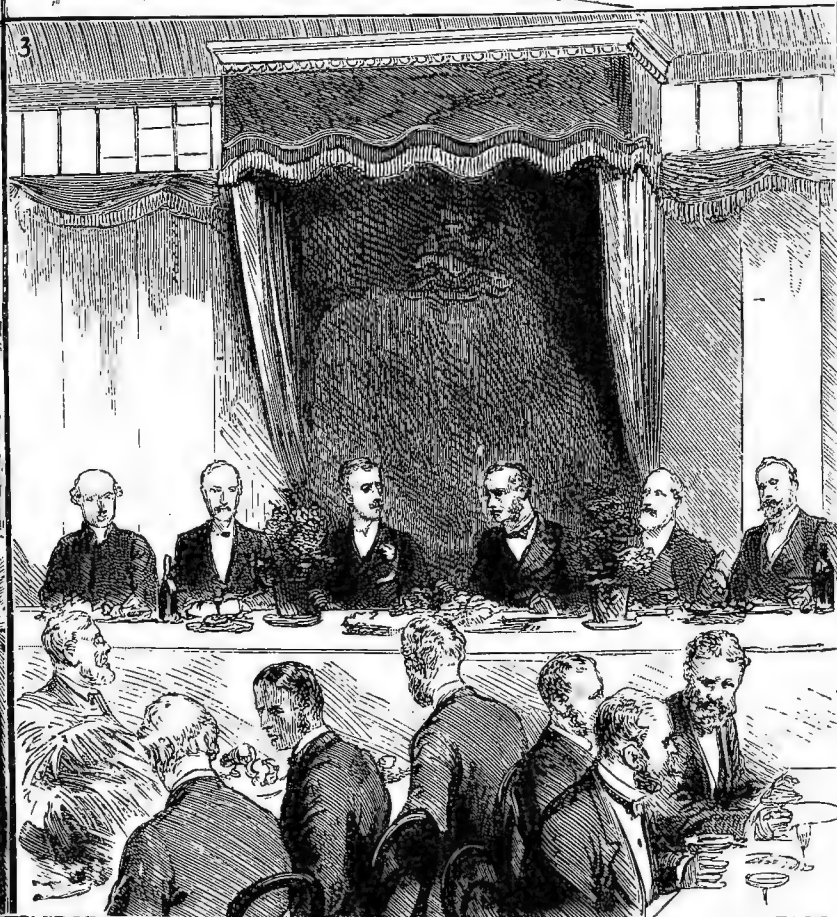
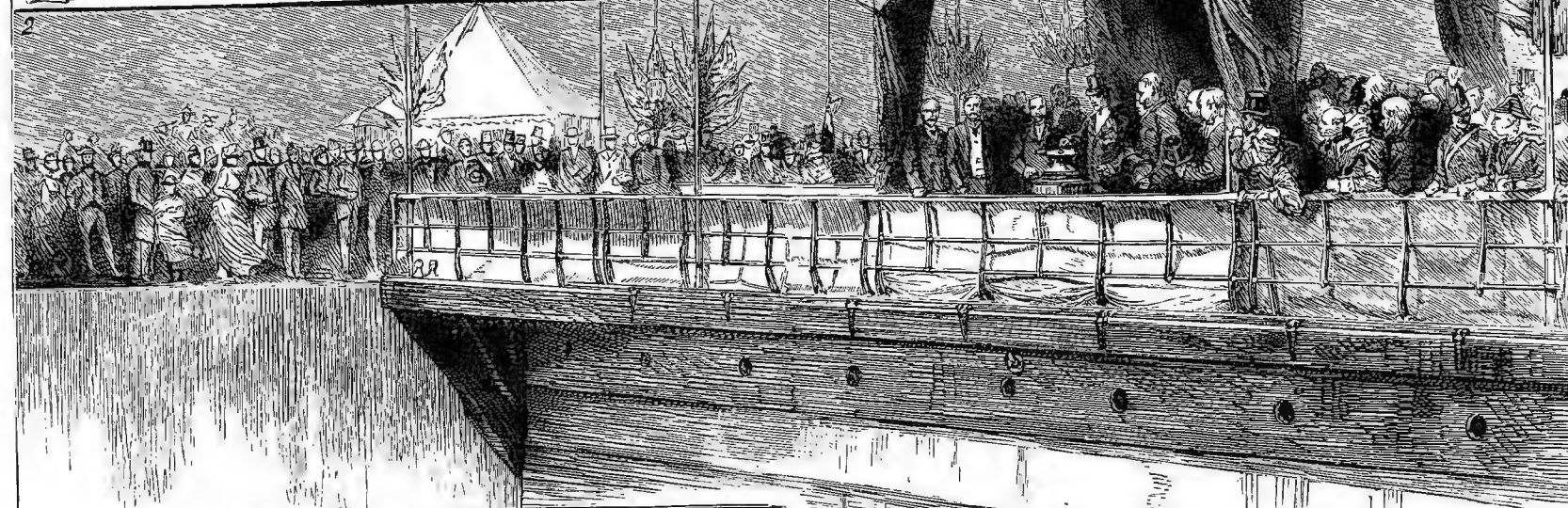
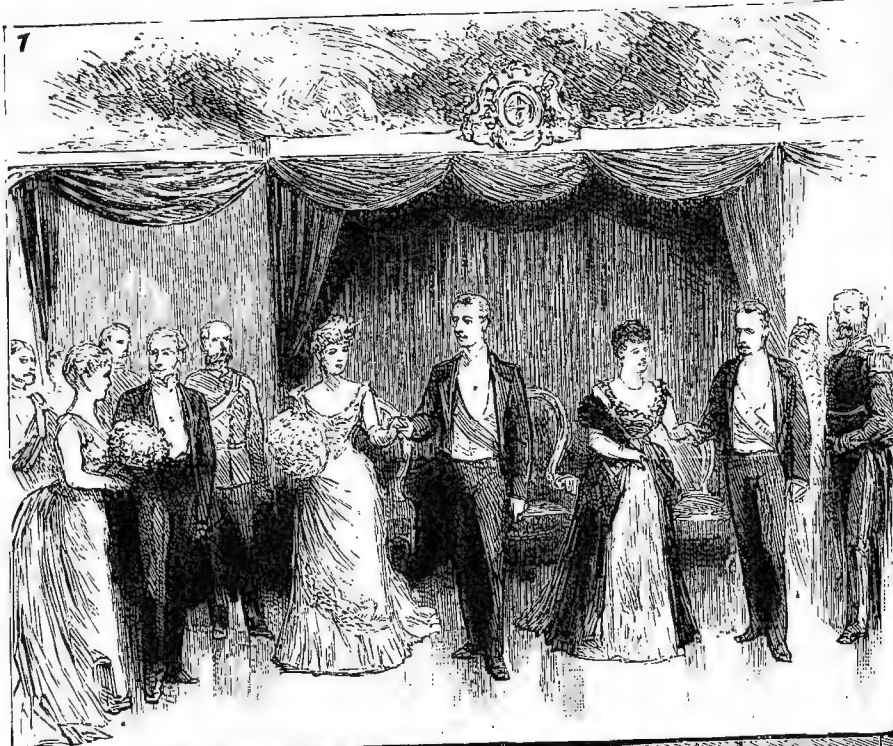
ON June 9th last year Lord Coleridge opened a Free Library for Paddington. We gave a picture of the ceremony at the time. This Library, which is situated in Warwick Road, Maida Vale, does not, however, owe its existence to the public spirit of the



Paddington ratepayers. They declined to sanction the addition of a single farthing to the rates for the purpose of providing the public with books and reading-rooms gratis. No, the Library in question is due to the liberality of a few residents of the neighbourhood, headed by Mr. Frank Moss, whose portrait (from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.), we here engrave. Mr. Moss was born in Liverpool in 1854, and was educated at the Liverpool Institute and privately. He seems to have taken a precocious interest in politics, and was, we learn, an energetic supporter of Mr. Gladstone at the South-West Lancashire election of 1868, he being then of the mature age of fourteen. This interest in public affairs, however, was not a mere boyish fancy; it developed and strengthened as time advanced, and, before he was out of his teens, he had become a person of influence in the local politics of his native town. The same tastes accompanied him after he settled in London; he has been a hard worker in the cause of Liberal organisation, and, as stated above, he was the moving spirit in the inception of the Paddington Library, to which a picture of Mr. Moss is to be presented this day (Saturday). Although he has never joined the Liberal Unionists, Mr. Moss does not agree with Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. In 1877 he married Cecilia, daughter of Mr. Sewill, a retired Liverpool merchant, and by her has two children living.



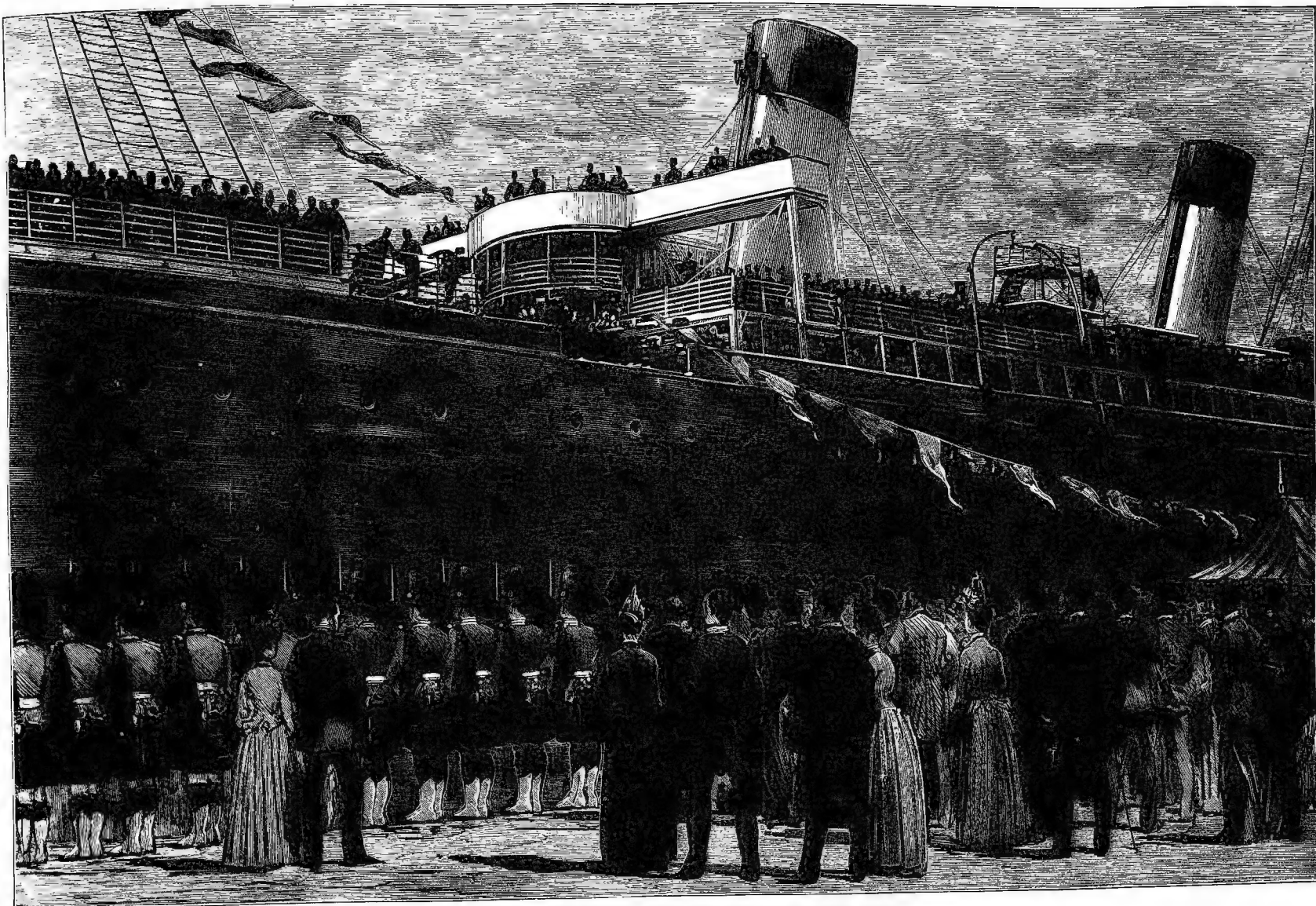
POLITICAL.—The Prime Minister received, on Wednesday, a deputation of peers and M.P.'s to present the memorial in favour of the abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty, and of other measures referred to in this column last week. In reply, Lord Salisbury said that the memorial would receive most earnest attention from himself and his colleagues. Meanwhile, the work of the Viceroyalty must be carried on, and he had received on the previous evening a letter from Lord Zetland accepting an invitation to become Lord-Lieutenant in succession to Lord Londonderry.—Addressing the Liberal Union Club who entertained him this week at dinner, Mr. Craig-Sellar, M.P., presiding, the Chancellor of the Exchequer referred to the "new rhetorical tour" in the south and south-west of England contemplated in the Whitsun holidays, and invited Mr. Gladstone to make use of it to place before the country the position which, after two or three years of incubation, Home Rule has now assumed in his mind. It would be refreshing, Mr. Goschen said, to have once more a campaign of argument instead of one of invective. The Government had received from many quarters accounts of the improved condition of Ireland in every direction, and during the next three years it would, among other remedial measures, endeavour by judicious assistance to develop the material resources of that country. Unfortunately it was to be feared that in this endeavour they would be opposed by the representatives of Ireland, since prosperity was a Unionist force, while misery was a Separatist



1. Ball given in Ulster Hall by Mr. J. Musgrave, Chairman of the Harbour Commissioners
2. The Ceremony of Opening the Alexandra Dock

3. Luncheon given by the Harbour Commissioners at the Opening of the Alexandra Dock
4. Presentation of Addresses at the Harbour Office

THE VISIT OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR TO BELFAST



THE "TEUTONIC" MOVING INTO THE NEW ALEXANDRA DOCK
THE VISIT OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR TO BELFAST



THE RECEPTION OF THE EMPEROR AND KING AT THE OPERA HOUSE

THE PALACE ILLUMINATED

THE MEETING BETWEEN THE EMPEROR AND THE KING

THE VISIT OF THE KING OF ITALY TO BERLIN

lever, and increasing prosperity might mean the loss of their power over their constituents. Referring to the boastful predictions of the Opposition that the Government would be defeated at the next General Election, Mr. Goschen said that even if it were so, the Unionists would confront them with a continuous opposition. But the position of their opponents if defeated would be absolutely disastrous since Mr. Parnell had declared in a recent speech that in such an event he and his colleagues would not remain for twenty-four hours in the House of Commons, so that a defeat of the Gladstonians at the polls, followed as it is to be by the desertion of the Parnellites, would mean absolute ruin to them.—At Baccup, Mr. Chamberlain delivered a powerfully-argumentative address to a great gathering of Unionists, proving from the speeches of the Parnellites that nothing short of the conversion of Ireland into a separate nation would content them. He spoke with approval of the provincial self-government of Canada and the United States, but in neither of these cases was the supremacy of the central Parliament affected. When some States of the Union wished to form themselves into a separate nationality the democracy of America poured forth their blood and treasure like water, and stamped out the presumptuous claim. It was a government for Ireland framed upon provincial lines which he had advocated at the Round Table Conference, and he found on that point Sir William Harcourt in substantial agreement with him. Mr. Chamberlain indicated the progressive measures of practical reform which he expected from the Government, and which would be carried if the Unionist alliance continued. He remained, he said, the Liberal and the Radical which he was when Sir William Harcourt, who now called him a Tory, was thinking of joining the Tory Government under Mr. Disraeli.—Replying to an address presented by a deputation from the South Kensington Liberal Unionist Association, Lord Hartington made the somewhat important statement that, considering the numbers, and especially the social position and influence, of the Liberal Unionists, he was not satisfied that they were sufficiently represented in Parliament. He had reason to think that the Conservative leaders did not dissent from this opinion, and communications had taken place with the view of a more adequate Parliamentary representation of the Liberal Unionist party.—In reply to a memorial from the Kent County Council asking the Government to reintroduce the Van and Wheel Tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has informed them that the measure is not to be proceeded with.

BARONETIES, on the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday, were conferred on Mr. Boehm, the eminent sculptor, Mr. George Burns, the founder of the Cunard line of steamships, Mr. William MacKinnon, C.I.E., Sir George H. Porter, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to Her Majesty in Ireland, and Professor Stokes, M.P., the distinguished scientist, President of the Royal Society.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, presiding at the Annual Spring Meeting of the National Rifle Association, detailed additions to be made this year to the usual programme of the meeting—the last—of the Volunteers at Wimbledon. Among them was the presence of a team, all first-rate shots, of the Volunteer Militia of Massachusetts, U.S. Referring to the change of the place of meeting, His Royal Highness said, that much as it had been opposed, everybody now agreed with him. Lord Wantage said that he had been one of its opponents, but he was now in favour of it; Bisley had the inestimable advantage of being near Aldershot.

THE UNFORTUNATE CONFUSION which marred the review of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, arranged to take place on Saturday on the Horse Guards' Parade, was discussed at the meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday. Colonel Howard Vincent, as Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee, made a statement in which he attributed what had occurred to the smallness of the police force present, which he considered insufficient to keep the ground for the Brigade. A motion censuring Colonel Howard Vincent, while exonerating the Volunteers, was made, but was defeated by a majority of 5, the numbers being 58 to 53, in favour of another to the effect that the Council should proceed to the next business.

NINE TENANTS were evicted from Lord Lansdowne's Luggacurran estate on Tuesday. A force of 130 police and 100 soldiers were on the ground. Only in one case was any resistance offered, the bailiffs being met with a shower of red pepper. All the evicted owed from three to four years' rent, and, having joined the Plan of Campaign, refused to pay any portion of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The net value of the personal estate of the late Mr. John Bright is estimated at £5,829*l*.—Some twelve thousand promises of co-operation have been already received from employers of labour in reply to the Lord Mayor's Circular asking for support to the proposed penny-a-week subscription to the Hospital Saturday Fund.—Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff succeeds General R. Strachey in the Presidency of the Royal Geographical Society.—That distinguished Hellenic scholar, Dr. Jebb, now Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, has been elected by the Committee of the Cambridge Senate to the Chair of Greek in the University, vacant through the death of Dr. Kennedy.—There have been now sixty-nine cremations at Woking.—Subscriptions for the Dudley Memorial (referred to in our "Church" column), limited to a guinea, may be sent to Lord Rosebery, at 30, Charles Street, Berkeley Square; Lord Brassey, 24, Park Lane; and Sir Daniel Cooper, 6, De Vere Gardens.—Her Majesty's despatch vessel *Surprise*, when one hundred and thirty miles east of Malta, collided with the steamer *Nesta*, which foundered, her crew with one exception being saved. The *Surprise*, on safely reaching Syracuse, was found to be full of water.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Lady Brabourne; in her eighty-ninth year, of Elizabeth, Lady Dashwood; suddenly, in his forty-first year, of the fifteenth Earl of Caithness, Lord-Lieutenant of that county, who succeeded his father in 1881, sitting in the Upper House as Baron Barroigill of the United Kingdom; of Dr. Rawle, from 1872 to 1888 Bishop of Barbados; in his eighty-second year, from the effects of an accident, of Alderman Sir Thomas Dakin, the oldest member of the City Corporation, during whose Mayoralty, 1870-71, a Mansion House Fund of 126,000*l*. was raised to aid the besieged residents in Paris after the war and the Commune; in his sixty-sixth year, of the Hon. Edward Coke, son of the first Earl of Leicester, who was widely known as a breeder of Shire horses and a promising member of the Royal Agricultural Society, and who was Liberal member for West Norfolk 1847-52, unsuccessfully contesting as a Unionist South Derbyshire in 1886; in his sixty-fourth year, of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Edward T. Gage, Colonel Commandant Royal Artillery; in his seventy-fifth year, of the Ven. Thomas Sanctuary, Archdeacon of Dorset and Canon of Salisbury; in his fifty-ninth year, of Dr. William Wright, Professor of Arabic and Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, a very eminent Orientalist, formerly Professor of Arabic in University College, London, and Trinity College, Dublin, editor of an important series of Syriac and Arabic Texts, author of an Arabic grammar of great merit, and of excellent catalogues of the Syriac and Ethiopic MSS. of the British Museum, where he rose to be an assistant-keeper in the manuscript department; in his sixty-fifth year, of the Rev. Dr. Christie, Professor of Church History in Aberdeen University; and in his seventieth year, of Mr. Martin Sharp, sub-editor of the *Guardian* when it was established in 1846, subsequently for many years one of its proprietors and sole editor, making it the leading journal of the Church of England, and during the last three years restricting himself to the duties of managing proprietor.



In his new play which, after a probationary period in the country, has been brought out at the COURT Theatre with the title of *A White Lie*, Mr. Sydney Grundy has once more taken in hand the notion of an exemplary wife, who is supposed to be so much less anxious for her own reputation than for that of another lady, that she confesses to sins in which she has had no part. This, it will be remembered, is the theme of an adaptation of the essentially artificial French piece entitled *Martyre*, which Mr. Grundy prepared for the use of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal some five years since. It is again for the purposes of those popular performers that he has resorted to this faded conventionality of the French stage. For the sake of a frivolous sister-in-law, whose husband is certainly not a very terrible personage, this excellent wife and fond mother is represented as not only uttering "the white lie" which gives the title to the play, but actually supporting the deception by writing an extremely compromising letter to the sister-in-law's lover. Why the sister-in-law's husband, who, though he knows the real state of the case, has insisted upon this fallacious evidence of good faith, should hand over the compromising epistle to the husband of the writer, is a question that admits of no satisfactory answer. All that can be said is, that this is necessary in order to bring about the domestic explosion which gives Mrs. Kendal, as the heroine, opportunities for some fine outbursts of passionate feeling. True pathos, however, is not to be evolved out of such manifestly fictitious sorrows, albeit the temporary wreck of Mrs. Desmond's home is rendered more touching by reason of the artless prattle and pretty ways of her child, played with delightful freshness and simplicity by little Miss Minnie Terry. That Mr. Grundy should, in spite of these and other equally glaring defects in his story, succeed in interesting his audience, and sending them away in perfect good humour, is really one of the most convincing evidences he has given of his abilities as a dramatist; but it was certainly not the pathetic scenes that saved the play, though it is on these that Mrs. Kendal, proud of her undoubted power to move the feelings in situations of genuine pathetic interest, appears to set most store. What pleased was the lighter passages of the play, and, above all, the excellent dialogue. Mr. Kendal, as the husband of the frivolous wife, is represented as behaving in a way for which mean, cowardly, and cruel are not too strong terms; yet, by virtue of his amusing utterances and humorously stolid manner, he contrives to pass himself off as the good-natured easy-going gentleman that he is perversely assumed to be. The acting of *A White Lie* is, indeed, exceedingly good, Miss Olga Brandon's impersonation of the frivolous and sentimental wife, and Mr. Arthur Dacre's convincing portrait of the ladykiller, whose flirtations with the latter lady are the cause of so many fictitious woes, being especially deserving of praise.

In the Corridor, a new comedieta, produced at the COURT Theatre by way of *lever de rideau* on Saturday evening, is one of those slight pieces wherein dialogue is the all-important feature. Unfortunately, the dialogue of the author, Mr. Rudolf Dircks, lacks polish; but the little piece served to exhibit the peculiar charm and freshness of humour of Miss Annie Hughes in the part of a young lady who, in spite of the prejudices of an aristocratic mamma, has set her heart upon marrying an actor.

Two little dramas, brought out at a morning performance at TERRY'S Theatre last week, proved to be productions of a more ambitious kind than most pieces of their class. The first, entitled *Teacaleo*, and written by Mr. Spier, embodied a dark and fearful legend of love, superstition, and cruelty in Mexico, about the period of the conquest under Cortez. Its rather conventional blank verse had not much to recommend it; but the author has exhibited some faculty for presenting dramatic situations in an effective way. Not less is to be said of *Parson Jim*, a little sketch of life in the mining districts of California, from the pen of Mr. Dickenson, whose undoubted dramatic skill has on this occasion, however, not enabled him to give a satisfying termination to his story.

Faust Up to Date having migrated to the GRAND Theatre, Islington, with the entire company and all the scenic effects and costumes, the GAIETY stage has been handed over to the French troupe headed by M. Coquelin and Madame Jane Hading, who made their first appearance here on Monday in *L'Aventurière*. M. Augier's brilliant comedy is no stranger to this country, neither is M. Coquelin's Don Annibal, the brilliant accomplice of the designing Doña Florinde, who finds in Madame Jane Hading a powerful representative. The programme of the performances under Messrs. Abbey and Grau's direction undergoes a change every night—a wonderful evidence of the versatility and industry of French performers, for these are no dramatic trifles, but substantial and standard works in prose and verse.

The revival of *L'Aventurière* recalls a curious example of the easy-going ways of our dramatic adapters twenty years since. The late Mr. Robertson's comedy entitled *Home*, originally brought out with Mr. Sothorn, Miss Ada Cavendish, and Mr. Chippendale in the leading parts, at the HAYMARKET in 1869, is an adaptation of this comedy; yet it was produced without the slightest intimation of the author's obligations to any foreign sources. Nor was the absolute originality of *Home* questioned till some time afterwards.

A new play which Mr. J. T. Grein, editor of *Comedy*, has adapted from the Dutch, with the co-operation of his clever contributor, Mr. C. W. Jarvis, will be somewhat of a dramatic curiosity; for though it is substantial enough to extend to three acts, it has but three personages. The original has acquired a great popularity in Holland. Messrs. Grein and Jarvis's version has been accepted by Miss Gertrude Kingston, who will produce it at a forthcoming *matinée* for the benefit of the Girls' Home, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales.

Mr. W. H. Griffiths will continue to be the acting manager of the new SHAFTESBURY Theatre when this house reopens next Saturday under the management of Messrs. Willard and Lart. *Jim the Penman* is to be revived, with Lady Monckton and Mr. Willard in their original characters, and Mr. Mackintosh as the foreign rogue.

The next novelty at the VAUDEVILLE will be a comedy-drama of modern English life, written by Mr. Buchanan, in which Mr. Thomas Thorne, Miss Winifred Emery, and Miss Marie Linden will appear. According to the writer of the Monday column in the *Daily News*, the story, which is purely domestic in its interest, turns on the unpropitious marriage of the daughter of an eccentric Australian millionaire with a spendthrift Essex baronet.

Mr. Mansfield's season at the GLOBE will be brought to a close this (Saturday) evening, when *Richard III.* will be played for the last time.

The twenty-fifth firework season at the CRYSTAL PALACE commenced on the 16th inst., when Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co. introduced several novelties into the programme, notably an immense set piece, or fire picture, representing "The Seasons," the colours in which change from a spring-like hue to autumn tints, and finally to the snowy effect of winter. The weather was beautifully fine, and a slight breeze effectually cleared away the smoke, enabling many thousand visitors on the terraces to enjoy what we venture to think is the best shilling entertainment in or about London.



THE Scotch Local Government Bills have been the principal work of the week, though the accomplishments of the session have not been absolutely confined to this class of measures. The reformed scheme of Scotch Local Government is divided into four Bills, and no one but a Scotchman knows as the debate goes forward which particular one is under consideration. When the Lord Advocate submitted the scheme in the first instance he brought in *en bloc* the four Bills. Then question arose as to whether a similar course could be pursued in respect of the second reading. This was left doubtful, and now all that the majority of the House know is that there are four Bills upon the Orders, and a great deal of talk, flavoured with Scotch accent, through the night.

The Scotch members have demanded that consideration of these Bills shall be left entirely to them. They ask for the appointment of a committee composed entirely of Scotch members, to whom the Bills shall be relegated. That is a measure of Home Rule, pure and simple, for which the Government are not yet prepared. But, as far as discussion goes, the principle is established. As soon as the Scotch Bills are called on, English, Welsh, and even Irish members make haste to quit the House, leaving some half-dozen Scotchmen talking to each other. Of course, when it comes to a vote the absentees will be recalled, will troop in in hundreds, and will, with a light heart, vote on a question they have carefully refrained from hearing discussed. But that is no new thing in the House of Commons. It happens every week in respect of various measures and resolutions, though not always with that total absence of dissimulation that marks the dealing with Scotch measures. Unless they are voted down, the Scotch members have no occasion to complain of this procedure, which testifies to the confidence with which their capacity for minding their own business is regarded.

The Second Reading of the Scotch Local Government Bills was agreed to on Thursday. It was expected that this stage would have been taken on Monday, and Mr. Smith, speaking a little late in the day, has more than hinted that had this expectation been fulfilled the Whitsun Holidays might have been extended to nearly a fortnight. But on Monday the Irish members, wearied of the monotony of Scotch debate, suddenly appeared upon the scene. It was announced that Mr. O'Brien, acting under medical advice, was about to go into retreat in the country to recover from the effects of his imprisonment. That was doubtless his intention. But on Monday morning news reached London of impending evictions at Luggacurran, and on Monday evening a loud, sudden cheer from below the Gangway drew attention to the fact of Mr. O'Brien's presence. He began with a few questions addressed to Mr. Balfour, in a voice so low as to make it difficult to follow their purport. But when presently he moved the adjournment of the debate, and launched forth into denunciation of Lord Lansdowne in his dealing with his Irish tenants, he uplifted his voice, and used it with a sustained energy that must have made matters exceedingly unpleasant for members in his immediate vicinity. Mr. Gladstone, whose appetite for debate is insatiable, left his usual seat, and finding empty that which Lord Hartington occupies at the end of the Bench, seated himself there, so as not to miss a word of Mr. O'Brien's harangue. He might have saved himself the trouble, as Mr. O'Brien, working himself up into a frenzy of wrath, shouted his denunciation at the top of a strident voice.

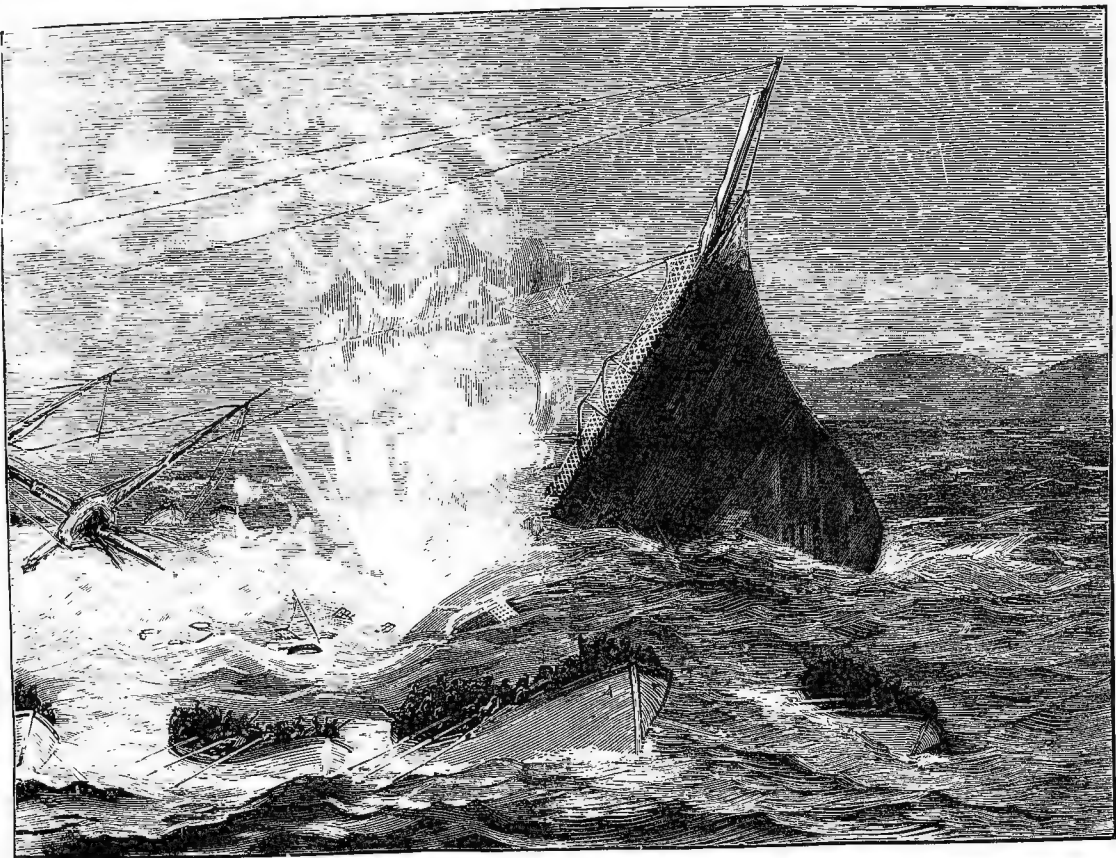
Ministers are fortunate in having seated on the Opposition benches an ally whose intimate knowledge of all that relates to Ireland is not exceeded by Mr. O'Brien, and whose fluency is not excelled by Mr. Sexton. This is Mr. T. W. Russell, who is never backward in accepting the frequent challenge of trailing coat which his compatriots below the gangway provide him with. Mr. O'Brien in his story of Luggacurran had shown how the landlord was wholly to blame, the tenants suffering and helpless community. Mr. Russell showed with equal force and copiousness of language that the landlord was as nearly as possible perfect, whilst all the evil was wrought by the contumelious tenant led astray by the Land League. Mr. Balfour accepted Mr. Russell's dictum that the whole question at issue was whether Lord Lansdowne should fix the rents on his estate or whether it should be done by the Land League, whilst Mr. W. H. Smith contributed to the debate the proposal of the closure. This he did when the talk had gone forward for something like three hours. But the dinner hour being yet at a convenient distance the Speaker, amid uproarious cheering from the Irish members, declined to put the motion, and thus opportunity was found for Mr. Gladstone to speak, and for Mr. Parnell to make a rare appearance in debate. In the end the motion for the adjournment was negatived by 208 votes against 162, and the rest of the sitting was devoted to the Scotch Local Government Bills.

On Tuesday foreign affairs incidentally came under discussion, furnishing opportunity of reflecting upon the curious rarity of the incursion. The human mind gets used to everything, and in the House of Commons it is now taken as a matter of course that foreign affairs shall naturally retire into the background. Sir Henry Wolff, in town just now *en vacance*, looking in at the House on Monday must have been struck with the change from the condition of affairs when he was still a member. Then not a night passed without attacks being made upon the Government for their dealings in foreign affairs in various parts of the world, more particularly in Egypt and Africa. In the fortunate condition of affairs now established Great Britain is more than ever insular, and the Foreign Secretary in the Lords, and the Under-Secretary in the Colonies, have almost sinecure places as far as Parliament is concerned.

On Tuesday the old and once familiar question of Turkey's dealings with her Asiatic subjects came up at the instance of Mr. Bryce, who called attention to the Treaty obligations which impose upon the Turkish Government the carrying out of certain reforms in its Asiatic provinces. It was like old times to find Mr. Gladstone at the table of the House of Commons speaking disrespectfully of the Turk. This, however, occupied comparatively only a short period of the sitting, which was mainly devoted to reproof of the Government, inasmuch as it had withdrawn the British Minister from Paris on the eve of the Centennial Exhibition. Mr. E. Robertson led off, introducing unexpected material into the debate by going back to the relations Mr. Gladstone's Government was showing a disposition to establish with France on this particular subject. With that large impartiality that distinguishes a particular class of mind on the Opposition benches, the Member for Dundee banded both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury on the head—a freedom from prejudice which Mr. Gladstone warmly resented. Having rebuked his own follower, Mr. Gladstone displayed a magnanimous spirit towards the Government which Mr. Goschen hastened to acknowledge. Nevertheless a division was challenged. Mr. Gladstone and all the ex-Ministers present voted with Mr. Robertson in protesting, as Mr. John Morley explained, against the losing of an opportunity of showing the French nation that this country wished well to their institutions.

Wednesday was devoted to consideration of the affairs of the Metropolitan ratepayer, Mr. Pickersgill introducing a Bill designed to levy the poor rate equally over the entire metropolitan area. The Bill was opposed generally from the Conservative side, and on a division was rejected by 217 votes against 181.

The Pacific Company's mail-liner *Cotopaxi*, Captain Hayes, on her voyage from Liverpool to Valparaiso, left Punta Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan, on April 8th, at 5 P.M. About 11 P.M. the passengers were aroused by a fearful crash, and it was then found that she had been run into by the *Olympia*, a German steamer, bound from Hamburg to Valparaiso. As the water was rushing very fast into the *Cotopaxi*, Captain Hayes determined to beach her, which was done accordingly, and the passengers and crew were then in comparative safety. Consequently, they were able to send three lifeboats to tender help to the *Olympia*, but found that, although all her bows were knocked in, she was in no danger of sinking, and, in fact, she soon left for Punta Arenas. The *Cotopaxi* was then lightened by throwing part of her cargo overboard, the engineers repaired the damaged portion of her plates, she was soon afloat, and was able to resume her voyage. But, as if one disaster was not sufficient, in the middle of Smyth's Channel, on April 14th, the *Cotopaxi* suddenly struck on an unknown rock not marked on the Admiralty chart, and began to sink rapidly. As there was no chance of saving her, the boats were got out, and the women and children, the male passengers, and the rest of the crew successively embarked, Captain Hayes being the last to leave, with his dog in his arms. The *Cotopaxi* sank almost immediately afterwards. She went down stern



first, and when about fifty feet of the bow was above water she sank perpendicularly. Barely eight minutes elapsed from the moment she struck until she finally disappeared, yet in that brief time two hundred souls were saved, and among them two paralysed passengers, who were bravely rescued by the doctor, Mr. C. D'Alton. The boats first landed at a place where there was water, but little shelter, and scarcely any food except a few mussels, for nothing had been saved from the wreck. Here they remained two days and two nights in a miserable plight, the weather being wet and bitterly cold. Then the Captain determined to transfer his encampment to the opposite shore, four miles off. Here they found some Indian huts, and plenty of mussels. At length, on April 18th, a steamer came in sight. She was a German vessel named the *Setos*, of the Kosmos line, bound from Valparaiso to Hamburg. She took all the shipwrecked people on board, and landed them safely at Punta Arenas. Nothing could exceed the kindness of these warm-hearted Germans. They not only gave food, but their clothes, and shoes, and the use of their cabins. On the following day, Captain Hayes, his officers, and crew (eighty-seven all told) embarked on board the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's vessel *John Elder*, reaching Plymouth (en route for Liverpool) last Saturday evening.



THE TURF.—The Jockey Club are to be congratulated upon having made the Second Spring Meeting this year one of the best ever known. The weather did much, but the establishment of the Newmarket Stakes did more, in effecting this desirable end. Throughout the meeting there was good sport and good company. Much interest was felt on Thursday, the last day, in the appearance of El Dorado in the Payne Stakes. He was reported to be a great deal better than his stable-companion, Enthusiast, and it was therefore thought by some that he would be able to give Donovan some trouble in the Derby. The result of the race showed, however, that these ideas were without foundation. El Dorado ran very commonly, and finished third behind Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Mergay and Prince Soltykoff's Lord George. Three to two was at once laid on Donovan for the "Blue Ribbon," which, if he keeps well, he should have no difficulty in adding to his other trophies. Baron de Rothschild was to the fore in the Bedford Two-Year-Old Plate with his Heaume, which, as it carried very little money, was a "Heaume, Sweet Heaume," to the bookmakers; and the Flying Handicap Plate fell to Mr. J. T. Whipp's St. Hubert.

At Windsor the only important event was the May Plate of 1,300*l.*, which, like so many other important events, went to the Duke of Portland with Semolina; Mr. Maple won the St. George's Plate with Normandy; and the well-named Sawdust, by See-Saw—Refuse, won a couple of races for Lord Kesteven. Dukes are having it all their own way on the Turf just now. The Duke of Montrose's Dazzle won the Stewards' Handicap at Hamilton Park last week, and the Duke of Hamilton's Loup the Glasgow Plate. Bard of Erin and the Mrs. Knight gelding each secured a couple of events. The Rothschild family are also "fairly in it" just now. In addition to the successes above-recorded, Baron de Rothschild won the French Oaks at Chantilly on Sunday with Crinière.

This week the racing venue has shifted to the West, and there have been meetings both at Bath and Salisbury. At Bath, the chief

YACHTING.—Lord Dunraven's new cutter, *Valkyrie*, has come, seen, and conquered. Since we last wrote the racing season has begun, and up to Tuesday the *Valkyrie* had taken part in five races. In *all* she came in first, and in *all* but the first one, at the New Thames Yacht Club Regatta, when she failed to save her time on Captain Nottage's *Deerhound*, another new vessel also designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, she has taken first prize. All these races, however, were sailed in light winds; on Tuesday, in the Channel match of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, when she had to beat to windward against a strong breeze, some of the tackle gave way, and she finished behind both *Irex* and *Yarana*; so we have yet to see what she can do in a spanking breeze, and whether she is likely to beat the *Volunteer*, or the new yacht which the Yankees are talking of building, and bring the *America* Cup back to us.

CRICKET.—Both the Universities fared very badly last week. The Cambridge bowling was terribly knocked about by the Gentlemen of England, who made 332 and won by an innings and 164; while the Oxford attack was equally useless against Surrey, to

whose total of 387 Mr. Key contributed a grand score of 176, not out. Lohmann took eleven of the Dark Blue wickets at a cost of 73 runs. After having all the worst of the first innings, M.C.C. and Ground (very much Ground, for there were only two amateurs in the team) defeated Notts by seven wickets. Barnes, for Notts, made 90 (not out) in his first innings, and Chatterton, for the Club, made 72 (not out) in his second. Sussex succumbed to Lancashire, and, *mirabile dictu*, Gloucestershire to Warwickshire, for whom Shilton and Pallett bowled very well. Sunday's rain did a very ill turn to John West, the well-known Maylebone umpire. The North v. South match on the following day was to have been for his benefit, and very good sides had been procured, but the turf at Lord's was in such a saturated condition that it had to be abandoned. Doubtless, however, he will get another match later in the season. The biggest score we have yet seen this season is the 261 (not out) hit by Burns against the London Hospital for the Essex Club and Ground, who scored 412 altogether.

ROWING.—In the eights at Oxford Brasenose deposed Magdalen from the headship of the river, but was afterwards hotly pursued by New College, which was almost certainly the best boat on.—Mr. C. G. Potts, the American amateur sculling champion, has arrived in England and taken up his abode at Henley, with the view of competing for the Diamonds. His style is ugly, but he is said to get a lot of pace out of his boat, and he is likely to prove a tough customer to Messrs. Gardner and Nickalls.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Irish Lawn Tennis Championship was won by Mr. W. J. Hamilton, who defeated Mr. Willie Renshaw in the final of the competition and Mr. Ernest Renshaw in the Championship round. For the first time, both "the great twin brethren" have been defeated in the same competition.—The great Ten Miles' Race between Messrs. Sidney Thomas (Ranelagh Harriers) and E. W. Parry (Salford Harriers) ended in an easy victory for the former, Parry retiring with a bad stitch before he had gone half way.—Messrs. Weiss and Tschigorin displayed such caution in playing off their four additional games to decide which of them should have first prize in the New York Chess Tournament that all four games were drawn, and the stakes had, after all, to be divided.—Mitchell and Kilrain have gone to America, where the latter is to prepare for his forthcoming fight with Sullivan. "J. L." is already hard at work getting into condition, and seems to have quite got over the effects of his recent burst of dissipation.—Hurlingham beat Ranelagh at polo last week, after a very close contest.

ALL of the distinguished lady-visitors to the Court, of whom portraits are given in our Illustrations to-day, were referred to in our last issue, with the exception of the Marchioness of Drogheda, an ancestor of whose husband migrated to Ireland and founded a family, which soon became ennobled. Of the male visitors in our illustrations, Mr. Gladstone entered the Court and took a seat by the side of Mr. Lockwood during the cross-examination, on Thursday last week, of Mr. O'Brien, to which he is portrayed listening attentively. The other two male visitors, sketched together, are Lord Lymington, M.P. for North Devon, and Mr. Goldberg, well-known under his *nom de plume* of "The Shifter," as a contributor to the *Sporting Times*, alias "The Pink 'Un." Mr. Gladstone had to listen to some very striking passages culled by the Attorney-General from newspaper-articles, and speeches of Mr. O'Brien, among them several attacking in language either violent or contemptuous the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and exulting over every incident which pointed to any possible realisa-

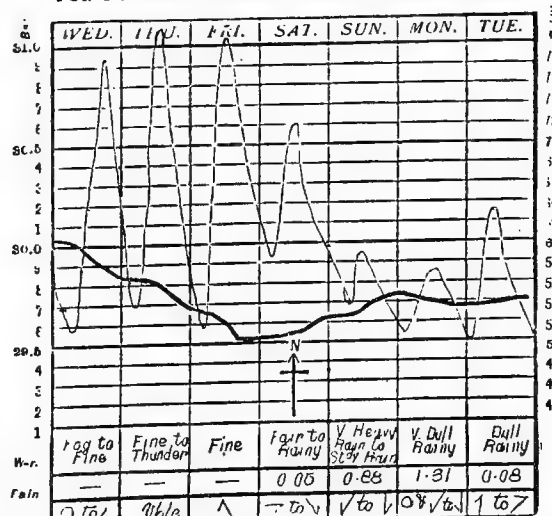


THE REV. CHARLES STEWART
Of Miltownmalbay

Mr. Lockwood: "Now, Father Stewart, as far as you know did the Land League in your district lend any countenance whatever to these crimes or these acts of intimidation to which your attention has been called?" "None whatever"

and who boasted of his past and present advocacy of Republicanism. His published praises of the *Irish World* were brought out in cross-examination. On Tuesday this week the first witness examined was a reporter on the staff of the *Cork Examiner*, who was called to speak to denunciations of outrage which he had listened to at many Nationalist meetings. After him came several Irish priests with evidence in the same spirit, one of them, Father Murray, amusing the audience by some particulars of a discourse on the "sin of land grabbing," his announcement of which drew a large congregation, and which he himself pronounced to be "a very good sermon." The last witness called on Tuesday was Mr. Maurice Healy, M.P., a brother of the famous "Tim," and Mr. Parnell's colleague in the representation of Cork, who was examined to show that juries in Ireland were what he called "packed." On Wednesday this week the most important of the evidence given, up to the time of our going to press, was that of Mr. Biggar, M.P., who, after the usual disclaimer of encouragement to crime, admitted, in cross-examination by Sir Henry James, that he had joined in 1875 or 1876 the notorious Irish Republican Brotherhood.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1889.



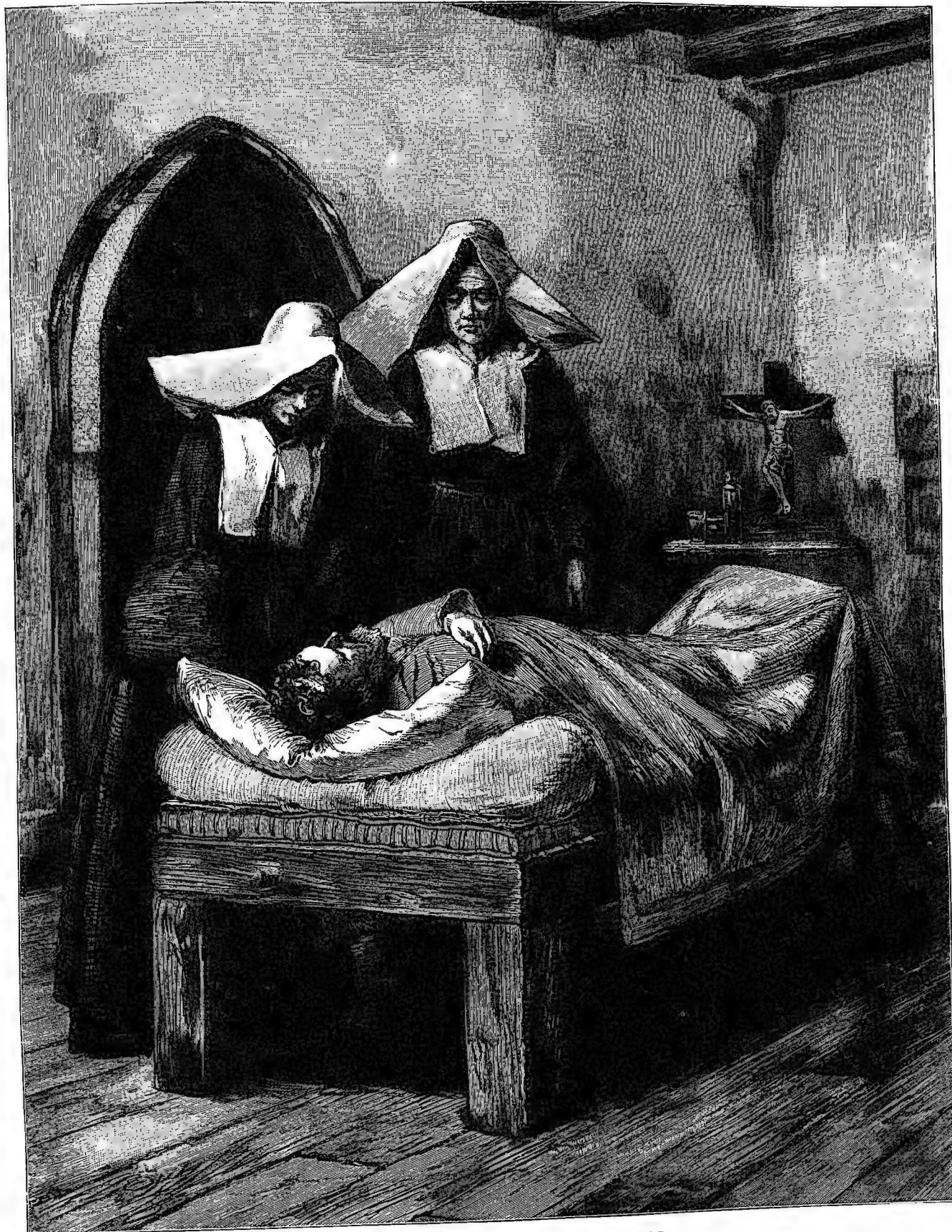
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (28th ult.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the first portion of the past week the weather over the British Islands was extremely fine and summer-like, with very high temperature for the time of year. In several places, but subsequently local thunderstorms, and decidedly heavy falls of rain, were experienced at many of the English Stations. Pressure distribution has differed a good deal from day to day, although a distinct disposition has been shown for shallow areas of low readings to form over our Islands as well as on the Continent. These have varied considerably in formation and size, the best defined being several small minimum systems, which have been only light in force generally, and, while blowing mostly from between South and West in the North (owing to depressions skirting those Coasts pretty constantly), have been extremely variable in direction, and nearly all other parts of the United Kingdom. The weather during the first three days of the week was very fine and bright, maximum temperatures over England between Wednesday and Friday (2nd and 24th ult.), reaching or exceeding 80° in many places. Towards the close of this epoch the weather had become unsettled in the North and North-West, and rather heavy falls of rain occurred there. After Friday (24th ult.) the sky gradually became clouded over in most places, and local thunderstorms were experienced in many parts of England, the accompanying rainfall in the Midlands, along the South Coast, and at many of the South-Eastern Stations being very heavy indeed. The heaviest amounts for twenty-four hours were those measured at Oxford (1.43 inches) and Hurst Castle (1.65 inches) between midnight on Saturday (25th ult.) and 1 A.M. on Sunday (26th ult.); while the aggregate for the same station from midnight on Saturday (25th ult.) to 7 P.M. on Monday (27th ult.) was as much as 2.21 inches, or about half an inch in excess of the average fall for the whole month. During the last part of the week maximum temperatures became materially lower, but on the whole did not differ much from the normal. In London the barometer was highest (30.05 inches) on Wednesday (22nd ult.); lowest (29.53 inches) on Friday and Saturday (24th and 25th ult.); range 0.52 inch. The temperature was highest (82°) on Thursday (23rd ult.); lowest (50°) on Tuesday (28th ult.); range 32°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount 2.32 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 1.33 inch on Monday (27th ult.).



I begin to wish I had not donned my bush outfit.





DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

About midday, he opened his eyes, with a start, once more, and asked feebly, in French, "Where's Meriem?"

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER XLIII.

REVOLUTION

IN the Rest House at Beni Mansour the good Grey Sisters did their best after the accident for Eustace Le Marchant. His wounds, indeed, were less severe than might at first have been anticipated, for it was rather the mere force of the concussion that had rendered him insensible for the time being than any distinct internal injury. Thanks to the softness of the sand and the position in which he fell, no bones were broken. He was weak and shaken with his terrible jolting, to be sure, but not in any way permanently disabled.

For an hour or two he lay unconscious on the bed where the sisters placed him; then, about midday, he opened his eyes, with a start, once more, and asked, feebly, in French, "Where's Meriem?"

"Hush," one of them said, soothing his pillow gently; "you mustn't talk yet. You're far too weak for that. Mademoiselle's in the next room. She's seriously hurt, but not, we hope, in any immediate danger."

They took it for granted that Meriem, too, was a European, merely disguised in Kabyle dress for purposes of safety.

"Seriously hurt!" Eustace repeated with a gasp, raising himself all at once on his elbows in the bed. "Seriously hurt! Why, what on earth has happened? She didn't get in the way of the train, then, did she?"

"She ran along the line, flinging up her arms in vain to attract attention, for fear the engine should run over you," the sister answered; "and the train knocked her down, though it did not crush her. But you must be quiet now. We can't allow you to talk any more at present."

Eustace threw himself back, and lay quiet for awhile with the greatest difficulty. He was burning to know how Meriem got on. He wanted to see her, to assure himself of her safety. But the sisters put him off from time to time with the formal report, "She's doing very well, but not yet conscious. You must leave these things to us who understand them. The doctor expects her, with care, to recover."

Oh, but the hours seemed painfully long to wait, with Meriem in danger so close at hand; and with no possibility of getting up to go to her! Yet it was some sad comfort to Eustace even to think it was for his sake she had braved that danger. For his sake? Well, perhaps not entirely that! Nay, for Vernon's, in the end, since upon Eustace's safety depended the chance of relieving St. Cloud, and so saving Iris and Vernon.

Yet for the time being he would lay that flattering unction to his soul, and believe it was partly for his sake she threw herself so bravely before the approaching engine. He knew he would have braved far more himself for her sake any day.

The hours moved on, wearily, wearily. At last, towards nightfall, a sound of talking! He raised himself up in the bed and listened.

Through the open door between the rooms, a faint voice came from Meriem's bedside.

"Can any one speak English?" it murmured, plaintively.

A great joy throbbed through Eustace Le Marchant's soul. It was Meriem's voice; thin and weak, but Meriem's. His heart leaped up into his mouth for delight! Thank heaven, she was safe! she was once more conscious!

"I can, just a kittle," one sister replied, with a pretty French twang. "What is it zat you want? Some drink? some water?"

The answer drove him wild with delight and astonishment.

"Is Eustace safe?" Meriem cried out, eagerly. "The man on the bridge. You know who I mean. Did he get across all right? Did the train run over him?"

Eustace's heart gave one wild bound. "Is Eustace safe?" were the first words she uttered! He could hardly believe his ears for joy.

What could be the meaning of so much anxiety? It was he, she first asked for; himself, not Vernon. His cup was full. It was he who came nearest to her heart that moment.

"No, he is not dead," the sister answered gently, in a soothing voice. "He has fallen from ze bridge upon soft ground underneath. He is shaken by ze fall and much hurted. But he has no limb broken, we find, and he has not any danger."

"Thank God!" Meriem cried. "Where is he? Where is he?"

"In ze next room, close by," the sister answered, with a warning

inflexion. "But you must not go to him, my dear; you are much too sick. He is your brotzer, zen, is he?"

"Oh, no!" Meriem answered, with her mountain frankness; "he's not my brother. He's only a friend—a very dear friend. But I want to see him—I want to see him, oh, ever so badly."

Her words sounded stranger and stranger in his ears. Eustace could hardly take it all in. So much thought for him, so little for Vernon.

There was a second's pause, then Meriem spoke once more. "Is there news from St. Cloud?" she asked, anxiously, "Have they relieved the Fort there?"

"We know nozing for certain yet," the sister answered, with patient gentleness. "We must wait and learn; it is long to hear. Ze Maire has telegraphed zis morning to Tizi-Ouzou to send assistance, and since zat time we heard nozing. . . . You have friends at St. Cloud, perhaps? You have brotzers zere?—parents?"

"No," Meriem answered once more, with her direct simplicity, "but very dear friends—a cousin . . . and a lover."

Eustace's heart sank down again to zero. Yet what else on earth could he possibly have expected? Her interest in him was natural enough, of course; he was the last person she had seen before her accident—the one most recently left in direst danger. But that was all. He was only a friend. Vernon, her lover, was still first favourite.

The doors throughout the Rest House were all kept open (hot-climate fashion), as in almost all Algerian houses, and the conversation in the next room was as distinctly audible to him as if it had taken place at his own bedside.

Meriem seemed to fling herself back on her pillow. "Well," she said aloud, but half musing to herself, "if Eustace is safe, I shall die happy."

"Zen he is a lover, too, is he?" the sister asked, quaintly, with that not-ungraceful curiosity into the affairs of the heart which all her kind often display towards that side of life they have deliberately abandoned.

"Well, a very dear friend," Meriem answered, with emotion. "I don't know how to call it. A very dear friend. I must get up and see him at once. I really must. Oh, do, please let me get up now to visit him!"

"No, no," the sister answered, "you must lie where you are. I cannot let you get up just now. It is against our rule. We do not allow ze patients to move. You must not see him."

For a long, long time nothing more was said. Only the sound of deep breathing could be heard. At last Meriem broke the silence once more.

"I wish we could hear from St. Cloud," she said, eagerly. "I wonder whether Vernon's safe, and Iris— And my uncle. If I save one, I may lose the other."

"Zen you have an uncle at St. Cloud?" the sister asked, with interest.

"No, not at St. Cloud," Meriem answered, simply. "That is to say, not in the Fort, at least. Among the other party. He's gone there to fight against the Christians, you know. He's a Kabyle, of course. He's the Amine of the Beni-Merzoug."

Eustace fairly laughed in his bed with amusement at the voice of horror in which the good sister ejaculated,

"To fight against ze Christians! Your uncle a Kabyle! Ze Amine of ze Beni-Merzoug! *Mon Dieu, quel horreur!* Zen you are not of our side—you are not an Englishwoman!"

"No," Meriem replied, "or at least, only half one. I speak English, but I'm Algerian born. My mother was a Kabyle, and I've lived all my life up yonder on the Djurjura."

"And him? Ze gentleman zat fell on ze bridge—ze one zat talk such perfect French—he is not Kabyle, he, too? He is a true European?"

"He's an Englishman," Meriem said. "A real Englishman. And I must see him! Oh, tell me how he is! Let me get up this minute. I must, must see him!"

Eustace could stand the restraint no longer.

"Meriem," he cried out, in a voice that trembled and quivered for joy, "I'm alive! I'm here! I shall be all right soon. I'm not hurt. There's nothing much the matter with me."

At the sound of that voice, that tremulous voice, Meriem rose from her bed, uncontrollably now, and breaking into a sudden torrent of tears, rushed wildly towards the place whence the words came. With one flood of emotion she burst into the room, and flung herself, in a paroxysm of joy and delight, upon Eustace's bosom.

"Eustace," she cried, in her uncontrolled passion, before that wondering sister, "Eustace, I'm so glad! I'm so pleased! I'm so happy! Oh, Eustace, how could I ever have thought as I did? I see it, I see it all clearly now. It's come home to me with a burst. I know my own heart. . . . Oh, Eustace, Eustace! I love you! I love you!"

The Englishman's eyes were brimmed with tears. He brushed them away hastily with the Kabyle dress which he still wore. "Meriem," he cried, pressing her close to his breast, "this is too much joy. Tell me how it has all come about. Tell me all, Meriem."

The Kabyle girl signed with her hand to the sister to go. The sister, wondering and doubting, wiped her own bright eyes, just dimmed by most unprofessional moisture, and went regretfully, for she would fain have lingered. Then Meriem gave free vent to her happiness once more. She knelt down on the floor by Eustace's bedside, and cried silent tears of joy and gratitude to see that he was alive and so little injured.

"Meriem," Eustace said again, "tell me what this all means. How . . . have you so soon . . . forgotten . . . Vernon?"

Meriem flung her arms desperately around his neck in her transport. "Vernon!" she cried, "Vernon! who talks so of Vernon? What made me ever think so much of that man, I wonder? As I stood there this morning, waiting to see you cross the bridge, and that horrible, roaring, devouring thing came rushing headlong down the hill to destroy you, it burst upon me all like a flash of lightning, how mistaken I'd been, and how foolish, and how wicked. I said to myself, 'Oh, God, what have I done! Have I risked his life, Eustace's life, that precious life, for such a man as Vernon? Why he's worth ten thousand like Vernon Blake, and he loves me as Vernon could never love any one. And I love him, too, though I never suspected it. Love him deep down in the depths of my heart! I'd give my life up this moment freely, if only I could save my Eustace, my Eustace.' And then, before the hateful thing could come down and crush me, I remembered everything—all—all—like a flash; it seemed to come across me in a rush, like fire, how good you'd been to me, and how kind and thoughtful, and how forgetful of yourself, and how anxious for my happiness. And I said to myself, 'Oh, if only I can save his life to-day, I'll tell him I shall be his wife before this evening's over.' . . . And I've told you now, Eustace, for I love you, I love you!" And she flung herself passionately once more upon his shoulder.

"And then?" Eustace asked, in an ecstasy of delight, but repressing himself firmly.

"And then, the great thing came rolling and roaring and hissing above me, and I know nothing more, except that I loved you and hoped I'd been in time to stop it and save you."

Eustace's eyes were too blind to see, but he drew that beautiful girl's face down to his lips with one hard embrace, and kissed her full rich mouth, with eager fire, a hundred times over. For that moment, he would have risked ten thousand bridges. His heart was

full; he had found the desire of many days; Meriem was his, and he was Meriem's.

"And only a Kabyle girl!" said the scandalised sisters, as they peeped, in hushed awe, round the desecrated doorway.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MISSING!

THEY sat there long, hand clasped in hand, silently. They needed no words to tell their tale of love to one another. There are moments when silence is the profoundest eloquence. The English tongue is a very fine instrument of rational thought; but a pressure, a thrill, speak the soul's own language far better than the English tongue can speak it.

Meriem's heart was one vast sea of wonder. Now that the truth had flashed upon her so vividly, so intensely, she couldn't herself understand how on earth she had so long managed to go astray and miss it. Eustace was a better man by far than Vernon—nearer to herself, truer, nobler, worthier of her. As she fled backward before the face of that rushing engine in the grey morning, she had seen it all, as one often sees to the very centre and core of things in a great crisis. That night of despair in the mountain-snow, that morning of peril and agony on the bridge of the railway, had opened her eyes to his real tenderness and her real devotion. The danger she had braved for him made her love him. She bent over his hand now and kissed it fervently. She was ashamed of her blindness. That vivid picture of Eustace in deadly peril on the bridge had roused her with a flash to the consciousness of his worth. She knew she had chosen the better man. Her heart was glad, but it beat too high for one who has just escaped so pressing a danger.

She put up her hand to her breast, instinctively, to lull it. With a sudden thrill, it struck her that a familiar touch was wanting. Day and night, she had known it there so long. "My charm!" she cried, feeling about her bare neck for that well-known trinket. But she didn't find it. The chain and box and pendants were gone. Her face grew pale with a terrified pallor. "Oh, Eustace!" she burst out, in an agony of fear, "I've lost them! I've lost them! What on earth's become of them?"

Eustace looked at her neck close, and saw a deep red mark pressed into the throat on the left side. It was the spot where the fastening of the chain had evidently been driven by main force against the collar-bone. "I think, Meriem," he said, "the charm must have been wrenched off by a wheel of the locomotive, or caught in the engine when the train passed over you. It's lucky, indeed, it was only that, and that it gave so readily. If it had been your dress that caught, you'd have been hurled on the rails and mangled terribly. You must have fallen, with a very light fall, full in front of the engine, flush between the rails, and the locomotive must just have knocked you down, or barely grazed you, and then passed over you without hurting you any further."

Meriem burst into tears once more. "Yusuf put it on," she cried, in sore distress; "it was Yusuf's last present. I loved it for Yusuf. . . . But that's not all. If it's lost, Eustace, somebody else may perhaps find it; and if it were ever to get into bad hands—for instance, into that wicked cousin's of Iris's that Iris told me about—I can't tell you what mischief might come in the end of it."

Eustace laughed a merry laugh at her childish superstition, as he naturally thought it. "My dear Meriem," he answered, with a smile of superior wisdom he could hardly repress, "you don't really believe your charm's so potent that Iris's cousin could make witchcraft against her with it, do you? What on earth has your locket got to do with Iris's cousin?"

Meriem looked back at him with a scared face. "It's not witchcraft," she answered, in all seriousness; "it's the use he'd make of it—the things he'd find in it. Oh, Eustace, I won't tell you just now, I think, but perhaps—perhaps some day I'll tell you. We must find that charm, whatever happens. I wouldn't for worlds have it lost or mislaid, or let it get into that bad man's hands. He could use it to do so much harm to Iris."

Eustace fancied he could guess her meaning vaguely, but refrained from asking any questions for the present.

All the rest of that day Meriem remained in a most uneasy frame of mind about the loss of the locket, and was eager to be allowed to go out and hunt for it. That course, however, the professional nursing instinct of the sisters most emphatically vetoed, and she was forced to obey them by mere powerlessness. Early next morning, tidings arrived of the relief of St. Cloud; but the news that Iris and Vernon were safe only seemed to increase Meriem's anxiety as to her lost trinket. "The very first moment you're well enough, Eustace," she said many times over, with great earnestness, "we must go out and hunt up and down the line for Yusuf's locket."

Still they were happy days for Meriem, those days at the Rest House, in spite of the terrible dribbles of news which came in to them slowly from time to time of the desperate fighting and repulse in the mountains. Many of Meriem's childish friends had been killed in the action, as she learnt by degrees; while the Amine himself, the ringleader of the revolt, with Hussein, Ahmed, and the Beni-Merzoug marabout, had fled to the South to the free nomad tribes on the border of the Desert, where they were practically safe from French intervention. But the more Meriem heard of that awful outbreak, the less and less did the Kabyles seem to her mind like her own people.

"I can go away with you ever so much more easily now, Eustace," she said one day, as she listened with a face of horror to the ghastly details of the massacre he translated to her from the *Dépêches Algériennes*, while he lay on his sofa by the open window. "I have no part with them left. I would never live among those wicked people. It would have killed me with shame if my tribesmen had killed Vernon and Iris."

"Then you won't be afraid to come with me to England?" Eustace asked, half doubtful.

Meriem folded her hands meekly. "Wherever you like, Eustace," she said, with that perfect trustfulness a true woman reposes in the man who has once succeeded in winning her heart from her.

There was a little pause. Then Meriem said again, leaning over him close, "You know you're marrying only a poor penniless Kabyle girl, Eustace, don't you? I've renounced all claim to that great soldier's property who died in Algiers. I promised that much to Iris that day at Beni-Merzoug, and I won't go back upon it now—not even for your sake, Eustace."

Eustace smiled a quiet smile of acquiescence. "I know that well, dearest," he answered, taking her hand in his. "I shall love you all the better if I can work for you always, and feel you owe everything you have in the world to me. Let Miss Knyvett keep her money to herself. She and Vernon have more need of it than you and I will have."

Meriem pressed his hand tenderly with naïve frankness. She had never learnt the coquetry or the reserves of our civilised wooing. Her heart spoke out its own language freely.

"Then some day," she said, "I shall tell you why I must find the missing locket. You can guess, perhaps; but I don't understand it all even myself. I only know that if that bad man were ever to get it, he might do more harm than I can tell to Iris."

As she spoke, Eustace took up the *Dépêches* he had been holding in his hand loosely by his side with a cry of astonishment. A name in its columns had rivetted his attention on a casual side glance.

"Why, Meriem," he exclaimed, in blank wonder, "the man's in Algiers! He's stopping this minute at a house at Mustapha—the

very place, you know, where Miss Knyvett has her villa. See here, it just caught my eye by pure accident as I happened to look down 'Visitors' List.' That's it. Villa Rossini, Mustapha; Harold Knyvett, Esq., Dr. F. Yate-Westbury."

"What does it mean?" Meriem asked, in vague wonder.

"It means mischief, I'm sure," Eustace answered, slowly. "It means he's at Algiers. The man's come over here, you may be perfectly certain, to juggle the estate away from Miss Knyvett."

Meriem rose up in a paroxysm of alarm. "Can you get up, Eustace?" she asked, eagerly. "We must go out. We must go and find dear Yusuf's locket."

How English she was after all in her heart! She had never cared but for three men in all her life, and all three were Englishmen. The Kabyle was but the outer husk; the heart and core were English of the English.

Eustace rose from his sofa and hobbled out to help her. With trembling steps they walked down the ravine, and across a small ford one of the sisters showed them to the scene of the accident. Eustace went down on his knees upon the line by that well-remembered spot, and hunted long and earnestly for the missing locket. Not a trace could he find of it anywhere about. At last, by the very sleeper where Meriem had been knocked down, he discovered on the ground, by diligent search, two wrenched and broken links of a silver chain. The locket itself then must have been carried on further. Encouraged by this clue, they descended the abrupt ravine once more, and searched the dry space beneath the bridge with all eagerness and care; but not a sign of the charm could they discover anywhere. If it had dropt in the centre and fallen into the river, it must have been swept away long since, no doubt, by the rushing torrent. At last, Eustace sat down on the bank weary and despairing.

"It's lost," he said, in a very despondent voice. "Gone altogether and left no traces, Meriem."

A sudden thought flashed across Meriem's brain. "Eustace," she cried, seizing his arm hurriedly, "the men on the engine went back for me with their carriage, and brought me across the bridge in the train, you remember. I wonder if they could have taken it off my neck on purpose? Do you think they'd have stolen it? Do you think they'd have kept it?"

"We might make inquiries," Eustace answered, with a sigh, not over-hopeful of this new and forlorn clue. "But I don't suppose, if there was anything of any value to any one in the locket, they'd be particularly likely to give it up. We might offer a reward, of course: the thing in itself—to anybody but you, I mean, Meriem—would be worth a few francs at the outside as a mere trinket. For half a Napoleon they'd probably be glad to give it back again."

That sum was untold wealth to Meriem, but she didn't pause in her anxiety just then to notice it. "Oh, do you think," she said, in a tone of deep distress, "do you think, Eustace, they'd be likely to take it to that man at Mustapha, and sell it to him to make what use he liked of it?"

"I don't see how on earth they could find him out," Eustace answered, dubiously; "or, even if they did, how they could possibly know the locket had anything in the world to do with him?"

Meriem set her lips hard. "We must hunt it down," she said, resolutely. "We must hunt it down, however long it takes us. I could never look Iris or Vernon in the face again unless I was quite sure I hadn't broken my word to them. I said to Iris that day, on the hillside at Beni-Merzoug—I said it quite solemnly—I don't want the money, Iris, I said, 'it's yours. You may keep it.' And I wouldn't for the world Iris should ever think I tried to rob her either of that or of Vernon. Not that I grudge her Vernon now, of course, Eustace. My eyes are opened, and I know better than that. But I want not to rob her of the money either, for I love her dearly. She's the only woman I ever met in my life who could treat me as she treated me. I love her for it, and it would break my heart if she were ever to think I wanted to rob her."

"I don't believe she could possibly think so," Eustace answered, with quiet confidence. "Nobody could ever look upon your face, Meriem, and not see that you were truth and honesty incarnate."

Meriem's face flushed rosy red. "Yusuf was like that," she said, in her simple way. "I shall always be proud to be like Yusuf's daughter."

(To be continued)

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is good and careful work in Mr. Arthur Stanley's "Poems" (Digby and Long). "The Entry of Bacchus into Thebes" is a spirited rendering of the old Greek legend, dealing with the fate of Pentheus and the triumph of Dionysus. The moral and domestic sentiments are very prettily expressed by Mr. Stanley. The verses "Speech is Silver, Silence is Gold," consisting of a dialogue between a mother and her little girl, may seem very simple, or even commonplace, but they are healthy reading for little ones, and well within their comprehension. In "Envy" the poet perhaps exaggerates the intensity of the antipathy which may exist between the poor and the rich. On the whole, his "Poems," if unambitious in most of their themes, are not wanting in skill, in gentle thought, and in promise for the future.

In "Merlin, and Other Poems" (Blackwood), Professor John Veitch, of the University of Glasgow, gives us the result of his observation of and communing with nature, and also, as he sings in his "First Words":—

Some strains from Border days of old;
Weird vision e'en of earlier time!
High daring, glamour, hapless fate,—
These mingle in the changing rhyme.

The "Merlin" depicted in Professor Veitch's poem of that name is a Nature-worshipper, more or less affected by the Christianity of the time, but never fully embracing it. The story opens immediately after the battle of Ardderyd, when, in doubt and despair, the hopes of his life broken, Merlin has fled to the retreat and shelter of the hills and glens of Upper Tweeddale. The poem consists of variously versified disquisitions of the Seer and his sister Gwendydd, the Dawn, and of his early love Hwimleian, the Gleam. The poem is very effective in its rendering of a semi-mythic past. "Glenheurie," in praise of the deeply-cleft and rocky valley which runs from near the top of Broadlaw north-eastwards in the direction of the Tweed, is full of the enthusiasm of Nature:—

Dark-haunted Glenheurie,
All my heart is with thee,
And the hoar face of eld
On thy brave rowan-tree.

If at times the author's power of verse-expression seems to be unequal to the warmth of his feeling, there is merit in the attempt to crystallise some of the legendary Nature-lore of the Celtic Borderland.

Mr. Arthur Bennett republishes some short pieces which have previously seen the light, under the heading "The Music of My Heart" (Simpkin, Marshall). There is a little that strikes us as showing original thought or constructive skill in the volume. There are some funny lines headed "The Young Philosopher," who complains that the fair

Love tennis more than Tennyson,
And tattle more than truth;
Deny the bard the benison
Breathed on the brainless youth.

A good deal depends probably on the quality of the songster.

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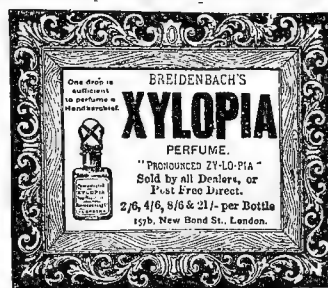
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THE HONG KONG RACES

"HONG KONG annual races take place on three successive days in February. The view of the racecourse is taken from the Bowen Road. It is beautifully situated in what is known as the Happy Valley. A curious feature of the valley is the row of cemeteries (Parsee or Zoroastrian, English, Protestant, and Mahomedan) which bound one side of the racecourse, separated from it only by a road over-arched by tall and graceful bamboos. For nearly half the distance round the course temporary private stands are erected. These are run up with remarkable rapidity by Chinamen within a week of the races. A skeleton framework is first erected of bamboo poles lashed together with bamboo fibre. The sides are of matting and the roof of grass. They are festooned with green, and strings of banners stretch from each to each at the height of the roof. Besides the English, there are several Chinese stands as well. Outside one of these a large placard bore an inscription which meant to intimate that "a big tiger" was on view within, and that three cents would enable any one to view the same. A Chinaman, presumably the showman, stood outside beating a gong, and shouting what was doubtless a Chinese invitation to "walk up." Gambling tables were very numerous, the owners of which rattle their dice in a cup covered with a saucer, as an inducement to the passers-by. The cool air with which very small Chinese boys stake their cash is amusing, and it would be impossible to tell from their manner whether they won or lost.

"The somewhat mixed nature of the crowd I have endeavoured to suggest in my sketch. Sikh policemen, six feet high and over, English soldiers and sailors, Chinese women with their children lashed on their backs, all mingle together. "The bookmaker, so inseparably connected with the English

racecourse, does not exist here at all, all betting being transacted privately. Sweepstakes are very popular.

"The weather this year was not as favourable as could be wished. A considerable quantity of rain had not improved the condition of the course."—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Charles E. Ellreth, H.M.S. *Cordeia*.

"THOUGHTS ON MATRIMONY" AND
"THOUGHTS ON A SINGLE LIFE"

THE two subjects, "Thoughts on Matrimony" and "Thoughts on a Single Life," reproduced in *facsimile* after originals by John Raphael Smith, fairly illustrate the distinctive taste of the eighteenth century. The fashions of the time, the becoming costume, and the discriminating bent of Art which depicted with facility every grace that was attractive in female beauty, mark the characteristic features of a century ago, when painters managed to find winsome models, and were felicitous in fixing on their canvases the fugitive charms of a pretty face.

John Raphael Smith, the artist who devised the subjects under consideration, was, in himself, typical of the generation in which men found time to attain excellence in several branches, his versatility was so marked that he has been regarded as a sort of "Admirable Crichton" in Art; certain it is that to him we are indebted for much that survives to illustrate the Art and taste of his day. To his discrimination in suggesting subjects to the painters, whose pictures were his own commissions, we owe many of the happiest efforts of Morland, Wheatley, James and William Ward

and other exponents of the manners and surroundings of the epoch. Under his fostering auspices, in the multifarious capacities of painter, critic, patron, engraver, and publisher, the early English school received both encouragement at home and recognition all over the continent. The son of "Smith of Derby," the landscape-painter, John Raphael Smith was not encouraged to adopt his father's profession, but was apprenticed to a linendraper of Derby, whence he migrated to London, still in the position of shopman. Though uncongenial, this was, presumably, a training for his commercial instincts; his artistic impulses led him to practise miniature-painting as an occupation for his leisure. Finding that he was both increasing his means and making progress in Art, he turned his attention to engraving, and by the publication of a print, "The Public Ledger Open to All Parties," which happened to hit the popular fancy, he was induced to take up this branch; he shortly achieved a position amongst the first mezzotint engravers of the day, at a time when that captivating art was at its highest; to his skill is due the painter-like rendering, "with full comprehension of his manner," of many of Sir Joshua Reynolds's works. In George Morland he found a congenial artist, to the translation of whose pictures into mezzotint his capacities were admirably adapted. Morland and J. R. Smith became friends and boon-companions, and the alliance was mutually advantageous; the judgment of the latter enabled him to suggest subjects, such as the *suite* of "Lætitia," "Visiting the Boarding School," "The Fruits of Early Industry," and similar social episodes, which took the popular taste; he purchased the pictures, engraved them in his happiest manner, or employed other engravers, his pupils, to give them currency; became their publisher, and, by his enterprise, secured their widespread appreciation. He now de-



THE HONG-KONG RACES

NEW MUSIC

B. WILLIAMS.—A sacred song which will find favour in the home circle is "Peace," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Berthold Tours.—Two merry encore songs are "A Bee and a Bonnet," words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Frederic Mullen; and "The Old Soldier" (the Real Hero of the Nile and Waterloo), written and composed by Michael Watson.—"Norwegian Dances," three characteristic pieces for the piano, by Frederic Mullen, will prove very interesting to the numerous holiday folks who spend their vacations in Norway; the composer has thoroughly caught the tone of the national music; these pieces are published as solos and as duets.—"Le Premier Sourire," a *berceuse* for the piano, by Michel Bergson, is well written, but dull.—"Helvetia," a Swiss *jödler* for the pianoforte, by Leonard Gautier, is a melodious piece, which will please in the schoolroom.—The same may be said of "Jocelyn," a *melodie*, by Walter Brooks; "Marche Cortège," by James Lohring; and "Victory March," by Laughton Field.—"White Wings Waltz," by Percy Lester, is a fairly-good specimen of its school.

MESSRS. WICKENS AND CO.—"The Vale of Tears," written and composed by "Cristabel," is a good song for Sunday in the home circle.—A somewhat depressing song, of a semi-sacred character, is "Remember Me No More," composed by Sir William C. F. Robinson.—A cheerful antidote to the above is "La Madrilena," words by G. Hubi Newcombe, music by Berthold Tours.—Under the somewhat fantastic collective title of "Violin Literature," we have a clever "Caprice" by Raimund Pechotsch; "Andante en Si Mineur," by Horace Poussard, a very refined composition;

and "Neapolitan," a brilliant duet for two violins, by Henry Lawson.—Of "Pianoforte Literature" we have but one example, "The Lost Key" ("La Clef Perdue"; a Dance Humoresque), by W. H. Jude, commonplace in spite of its facetious title.—"Gems Brilliant and Sparkling of Old Ireland" is a series of two-page very easy pieces for the piano, fingered and arranged by Ch. Stephano. "The Minstrel Boy" (No. 41) is a duet; "Barry, Take Me Home Again" is a solo.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very useful addition to the *répertoire* of a Church choir of moderate strength and capability is "Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis" in A, by J. Herber. Stammers (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—A quaint little song, which will surely be much liked, is "The Squirrel Kingdom," written and composed by Dolla Carlton and Nicola Coviello. "The Boobach Polka," by Gabriel Grænewald, is a merry and dance-provoking melody (The London Music Publishing Company).—Of three gavottes now before us, the best written is "Sweet Lavender," by J. W. Cohen (Frederick Pitman); "The Elfin Ring," by R. Froude Coules (Messrs. Forsyth Brothers), and "Orange Blossom," by V. L. H. Shotton, are fairly good specimens of their school.—"Lasst Lustig die Hörner Erschallen," is a bold and taking "Jäger-Marsch," by Carl Faust (Messrs. Rivière and Hawkes).—A graceful and smoothly-written pianoforte piece is "Jocelyn," by Watts Brooks (B. Williams).—Two fairly-good waltzes are "An Meine Liebe," by Evelyn Morvaren (Messrs. Elton and Co.), and "The Granta Waltz," by J. Talbot Edwards (W. Paxton).—A pleasing love-song for a tenor is "Floweret Fair," words by G. Hubi-Newcombe, music by G. C. Richardson (Messrs. C. B. Tree and Co.).

veloped into an extensive print-dealer, supplying foreign markets with the productions of the English School, which until then, with the exception of Hogarth, had been unrecognised abroad, and importing, in exchange, etchings of the great masters. J. R. Smith painted subject-pictures between the manners of Gainsborough and Morland, these he engraved and published, and they enjoyed a similar popularity; he was an admirable miniaturist, and his portraits, both in oil and pastel, were in fashionable demand; "he was," says a contemporary, "liberal, communicative, and an admirable critic and adviser."

Up to a certain date, culminating with his successful "Morland Gallery," J. R. Smith enjoyed the prosperity his remarkable abilities commanded, but his varied capabilities led him into extravagance; he had the ambition to figure as a man of fashion; he had a pronounced taste for the stage, and the players were his intimates; he was fond of pleasures bordering on dissipation; he had a passion for sporting, was fond of the turf, excelled in field sports, and posed as an authority on pugilism and the ring. The war with France, which practically closed the Continent to English works, with the prolonged commercial depression which accompanied the war, effectually discouraged Art in this country, and J. R. Smith's various speculations suffered in consequence. He then betook himself to portraiture, visiting the country seats of the gentry, where his conversational powers, varied information, his skill as a sportsman, and his artistic talents made him a welcome guest. His likenesses in pastel are much esteemed, these his dexterity enabled him to produce in a single sitting, frequently of but one hour's duration, and amongst his patrons were the most eminent persons of his day.

JOSEPH GREGO.



Thoughts on a Single Life

Facsimile of an Old Print, Designed and Engraved by John Raphael Smith

"Husbands are like painted fruit, which promises much, but still deceives us."—*Cupid's Whirligig*



Thoughts on Matrimony

Facsimile of an Old Print, Designed by John Raphael Smith and Engraved by William Ward

"Take this much of my counsel, and marry not in haste, for she that takes the best of husbands puts on a golden fetter."—*Cupid's Whirligig*



"ITALIAN CHILDREN ARRANGING FLOWERS"
FROM THE PICTURE BY LUIGI BECHI IN THE PISANI GALLERY AT FLORENCE



THE SEASON.—The heat and sunshine of May will be remembered generally, while there are at least a dozen localities in different parts of the United Kingdom which will also preserve the record of exceptionally heavy thunderstorms. The summer season has opened auspiciously on the whole, and the grass crop of the country promises a large and full yield. The thick and luxuriant growth of the pastures is indeed quite remarkable. Clover and other seeds are abundant, and rye, cut green, is found rich and nutritive. Most of the spring-sown barley and oats are in good plant and strong growth. Wheat is too thick, but the good colour which was to some extent lost at the end of April has now returned, and a rapid growth has raised the plant blades more fully into the air and light. The pulse crops look well, there having been a decided improvement of late. Winter beans are well in flower. Mangolds are a good brand, and appear healthy and vigorous, but potatoes, on early land, have probably astonished the farmer more than any other crop. The heat and moisture have been of sufficient strength and quantity, and in the requisite proportions, to force up this rapidly growing plant at such a pitch as has not been previously equalled in the eighties. The great heat of 1887 did not come till after May. An abundant and early crop of potatoes is a matter of no small importance to British agriculturists, while the frightful famine of 1846 impressed upon us, once for all, what the potato crop is to Ireland. The fruit of the early-blossoming pears has set well, and the warm weather is also very favourable to the apples. The scarcity of bees has already been noted by us, as well as the questions of plant-fertilisation involved therewith. A good crop of gooseberries is looked for, and strawberry plants are spreading out nicely; in early gardens they are coming into bloom. Leeks and parsley are in first-rate order, and turnips are braiding well. Weeds abound, but the heat has been against them, and a vigorous use of the hoe should be the farmer's policy for the next fortnight.

MAY WHEATEARS were not seen in 1888, one of the most backward of recent years. Nor were they seen in 1887, which "came fine" on the last day of May. The earliest wheatears we have ever seen were on May 19th, 1881, when we gathered some in a field near Bury St. Edmunds. In 1871 we saw wheat in ear near Wisbech on June 1st. It is to be remarked that these conspicuously-early years were not followed by good harvests, a circumstance which should make us suspicious of the sudden precocity of the present season. In 1871 the summer fell off conspicuously from spring promise of heat, so that wheat-carrying did not begin till August 12th, sixteen days later than in 1870. In 1881 the fine weather exhausted itself early, and August was wet. Other May notes, however, are encouraging, as reminding us of what we have this year escaped. On May 10th, 1883, there was a heavy snowfall over England; May 1882 ended with a week of storms; and May 1878 was a wretchedly wet and untoward month. The experiences of 1878 and of 1887, when fine wheat harvests followed a bad May, show that, if June and July are steadily favourable, the evils of an earlier period may be replaced. The danger of an unpropitious May is that it leaves no reserve at all for a break in the summer weather, and equally a May such as we have just enjoyed is valuable, by allowing of some considerable discount from ordinary summer weather without endangering the crops.

THE DEVON AGRICULTURAL SHOW has just been held at Totnes, in lovely weather, under the presidency of Lord Revelstoke. The show of Devon cattle was naturally a good one, and the junior classes were of exceptional promise and strength. The shorthorns were thirty-two in number, and of high average excellence, while the Jerseys were of remarkable merit, and a very good show in numbers also, forty-seven being entered. There was a good show of the local breeds of sheep, reinforced by some Leicesters. The two black breeds of swine were well represented. Hunters, hacks, and ponies were an interesting and good show, and a few good cart stallions were also sent. Other agricultural horses were not up to the mark.

THE OXFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW has been held this year at Woodstock, and has proved a great success. The refreshment department, as usual at agricultural Shows, was extremely badly managed, and the choice of a site for the Show at a long distance from a railway-station was calculated to please fly-owners better than the general public. These are complaints which it is necessary to embody, because they are matters of chronic grievance at agricultural gatherings. The shorthorn heifers were very good, and the class of bull-calves, eleven in number, were commended as they stood. Herefords were extremely good; so much so, indeed, that, out of nineteen animals sent, sixteen received notice in one way or another from the very competent and experienced judges. The Jerseys were a good show, even for Oxfordshire, which is a great county for the breed. Sheep were a first-rate exhibition, and the Oxford Downs showed up splendidly on their native turf. A pen of flock ewes, sent by Mr. A. Brasse, were shown in their wool and with their lambs. They were of extraordinary level and high merit, and not only first prize but the special premium for best Oxfordshire ewes in the yard were awarded to them. The agricultural horses were a better show than at Totnes. The swine classes were of more than usual interest.

OLD OLYMPIC DAYS

SOME five and fifty years ago, when in my teens, if I had the chance—and it is but fair to say that I had it pretty often—of spending my evenings at a theatre, my favourite of all the Theatrical temples then existing in London was the little Olympic, at that period under the management of Madame Vestris.

Since I had seen her in my still younger days at the Haymarket as Phoebe in *Paul Pry*, the intervening decade had treated her lightly, neither her face nor her figure betraying any perceptible change; while the rich tones of her admirable contralto were as pure and resonant as when her matchless "Cherry Ripe" held every listener spell-bound by its magnetic charm. She could not, perhaps, be strictly called beautiful, but there was an indescribable fascination in her look, voice, and manner which it was impossible to resist; I have seen her play Rosalind and Lady Teazle—two very opposite characters—as no other actress within my recollection ever played them, with a captivating archness of which she alone had the secret, and which, even in the most trifling part undertaken by her, was invariably a prominent and attractive feature.

When Madame Vestris became the lessee of the Olympic, London playgoers had for the first time an opportunity of witnessing what feminine experience and attention to every detail, however minute, could effect in the important matter of stage decoration. In lieu of the bare walls and the inevitable "property" pictures, the two or three chairs and sofa in faded velvet, which had hitherto done duty for a drawing-room, they were introduced to a luxuriously furnished boudoir, replete with every elegant accessory that the most refined taste and coquetry could suggest. This happy innovation, combined with a thorough remodelling of the interior of the theatre, soon rendered the Olympic one of the most popular places of entertainment in the metropolis; not the least attractive item in its programme being the announcement that the performances would terminate at eleven o'clock.

From the date of the opening of this *bijou* theatre under the direction of Madame Vestris, January 3rd, 1831, to the final close of her connection with it in (I think) 1839, an almost uninterrupted series of successes may be recorded; but of these my own personal recollections, to which the present memoranda are purposely limited, include only a comparatively inconsiderable portion. One event, however, of great importance, which I was fortunate enough to witness, was the first appearance of Charles Mathews in *The Hump-backed Lover* and *The Old and Young Stager*, in which latter piece, written by Leman Rede, the *débutant* was supported by his father's old comrade Liston, who played the coachman Topple to Mathews's Tiger Tim. The original representative of Paul Pry was then approaching the end of his professional career, but his influence on the receipts was scarcely inferior to that of the fair lessee herself; his salary, in those days considered a very high one, amounted to sixty pounds a week. I remember him well in *A Gentleman in Difficulties* and in *Forty and Fifty* (where he was admirably seconded by the excellent Mrs. Orger); age and infirmities had somewhat impaired his memory, but his face and the irresistible drollery of his voice and by-play were as contagiously mirth-provoking as ever.

Of Mathews, it may truly be said that he came, was seen, and conquered; adopted at once by the public, he was soon as completely at home on the boards as if he had acted for years, and in an incredibly short time became one of the most valuable mainstays of the theatre. In such light, airy trifles as *He Would be an Actor* and *Patter versus Clatter* his singular versatility reminded English playgoers of his father, and French ones of Perlet; while the ballad "Jenny Jones," charmingly sung by him in the first-named piece, and composed by John Parry the elder, proved as popular as "I'd be a Butterfly," and was forthwith added to the repertory of every barrel-organist in London. Moreover—a great point in his favour—there was nothing conventional in his acting; he was really a light comedian, with a natural buoyancy of manner and a perfect self-assurance, which, in those days of "stagey" young lovers and ill-dressed walking-gentlemen, was a novelty perhaps more conducive to his popularity than any other quality he possessed.

Another justly-esteemed member of the company was James Bland, the "monarch of extravaganza," to whose indispensable co-operation Planché was largely indebted for the success of his Christmas and Easter offerings. "Father Bland," as Madame Vestris afterwards apostrophised him at Covent Garden in *Beauty and the Beast*, had inherited from his mother, the celebrated singer of that name, a good baritone voice, which told admirably in comic solos and concerted pieces. As a burlesque potentate he has never been surpassed; his mock-heroic delivery, in no case degenerating into buffoonery, but tempered by a stolid dignity, was irresistibly droll, and rendered the author's quips and cranks still more absurd by the imperturbable gravity with which he invested them. I have never succeeded in discovering a portrait of this excellent actor, but possess a memento of him in the two following lines from *Olympic Devils*, written and signed by him for an autograph collection:—

The god of riches might be ruin'd thus:
My name, dear Ma'am, is Pluto, not Piatas.

Whenever the part of an Irishman could be introduced into a piece, it naturally fell to the share of John Brougham, an amusing representative of the broadly-humorous school, who subsequently became a great favourite in America. Nor must I omit to mention James Vining, one of the innumerable family of that name, who, although generally an indifferent actor, now and then rose above mediocrity, especially in a *Handsome Husband*, a charming little comedy—wrongly described in the printed copy as a farce—by Mrs. Planché.

Of the ladies—besides Madame herself and Mrs. Orger, on

whose attractive powers it is unnecessary to dwell—I particularly remember Mrs. Macnamara, invariably cast for the queen in extravaganza; Miss Lee, a pleasing and ladylike actress; Miss Paget, the prettiest of the "Court Beauties;" and Miss Fitzwalter, who, in the masquerade scene of *One Hour*, danced the Tarantella with Mathews in a style that a born Neapolitan could hardly have surpassed. Two fair members, however, of the little community deserve more than a passing word; namely, Mrs. Honey and Miss Murray. The first of these, on the production of *Riquet with the Tuft*, was engaged for the part of Myrtilla. She was a remarkably handsome woman, with most bewitching eyes and a shapely figure; she warbled, moreover, very sweetly, and a song, expressly composed for her, called "My beautiful Rhine," almost rivalled in popularity Mrs. Waylett's never-to-be-forgotten "Kate Kearney." When she joined the Olympic company, Planché ingeniously bethought himself of heightening the effect of her *début* by adapting some words to her favourite air, an attention duly appreciated both by the audience and herself. She only remained a short time at this theatre, and afterwards undertook managerial responsibilities on her own account; but, if I remember rightly, with no very profitable result.

I have a pleasant recollection of Emma Murray, a vivacious Lunette, who acted Susanna in the *Two Figaros* delightfully, and I was in every respect an ornament to the stage. She spoke French perfectly, and in parts where this accomplishment could be called into play, such as that of Zoë in *Dr. Diworth*, her grace, brightness, and piquancy were most captivating and enjoyable.

But, notwithstanding the many attractions temptingly held out by the management for the subjugation of the public, the real *genius loci* was undoubtedly James Robinson Planché; and what Madame Vestris would have done without him is an enigma by no means easy to solve. A more indefatigable caterer surely never existed; whatever novelty was required, whether comedy, farce, or extravaganza, he was invariably ready with the very thing wanted—emphatically the right man in the right place. No one more thoroughly understood the audience with whom he had to deal, or more scrupulously avoided the slightest infringement of the borderland between humour and vulgarity; whatever he wrote bore the stamp of good taste and refinement both of thought and language, and in this respect, as we have reason to know, he has not yet had, nor is likely to have, an equally discriminative successor.

Another frequent and ever welcome contributor to the Wych Street repertory was Thomas Haynes Bayly, the author of many charming lyrics and popular ballads, in addition to more than one humorous "skit" in verse published in the earlier volumes of *Bentley's Miscellany*. Of his dramatic works, those I particularly remember are *Forty and Fifty*, *The Barrack Room*, and, above all, *One Hour*, a scene in which, played by Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris, was a gem of delicate comedy worthy of Alfred de Musset. This clever little piece terminated with one of the neatest and most business-like "tags" I ever heard; and I transcribe it here for the benefit of those of my readers who, as the song says, "Were not born till arter that," as an appropriate close to these memories of my youth.

"Friends," said Madame, addressing the audience with her most persuasive smile, "have you been pleased with my company? If so, visit me often. My cards are distributed every morning, and you will find me at home every evening for the rest of the season. Pray drop in sometimes, if only for *One Hour*!" C. H.

MINOR BOOKS.—"Kurhaus Tarasp and Its Environs," by Dr. J. Pernisch (Zürich: Orell, Füssli, and Co.), is the latest addition to the "Illustrated Europe" Series. Tarasp is a Swiss health-resort, close to Landeck, in the Lower Engadine, amidst some of the finest scenery in Europe. The guide is profusely illustrated, and contains excellent descriptive accounts of the Lower Engadine, Kurhaus Tarasp, Vulperan, and Schuls.—"Speech Studies," by Edwin Drew (Dean and Son, 160a, Fleet Street), is a series of readings, poems, anecdotes, &c., mostly original, adapted for recitation and suitable for amateurs. One of the most entertaining chapters in the book is "Mr. Irving's Reading of *Hamlet*."—Miss Frances Power Cobbe has collated some interesting papers on vivisection in the "Modern Rack" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.).—The papers were originally contributions to the vivisection controversy; and those sufficiently interested in the subject to peruse the papers will find in them a good deal of food for reflection.—It is difficult to imagine the reason for the republication of "Serious Crime in an Indian Province," by E. J. Kitts, B.C.S. (Education Society's Press, Byculla, Bombay), which originally appeared in the *Pioneer* of India. The book is a dry record of the graver crimes committed in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh during the years 1876–1886.—"Weldon's Fancy Dress for Ladies" (Weldon and Co., 7, Southampton Street) has proved so attractive that the publishers have issued a second series. The book contains over fifty illustrations of fancy dresses, with practical directions as to making them.—Admirers of Mrs. Browning will welcome the "Mrs. Browning Birthday Book," compiled by "E. W. H." (Griffith, Farran, and Co.), a neat little production, with a selected quotation from Mrs. Browning's poems for every day in the year. The book contains a preface by the Rev. Charles Mackeson.—Edgar Allan Poe's "Tales and Essays" (Walter Scott) is the latest addition to the Camelot series, edited and selected by Ernest Rhys. The introduction is also written by him.—The latest number of "Our Celebrities" (Walery, 164, Regent Street) includes portraits of Professor Huxley, Ellen Terry, and Henry Irving.

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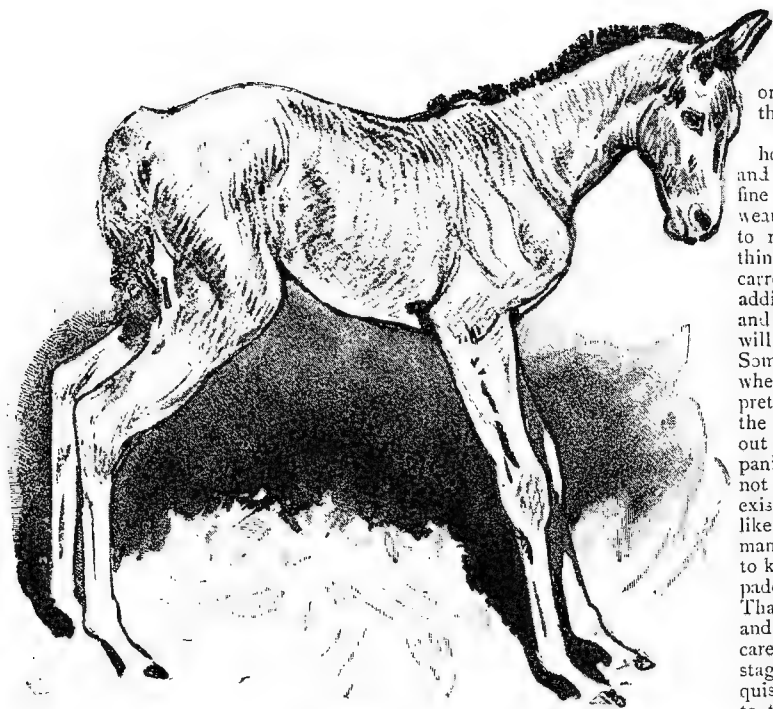
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THE CAREER OF A RACEHORSE

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



FOALHOOD

ONE of the pleasantest scenes in the whole career of a racehorse happens during his babyhood. It is probably our first introduction. The morning is bright and fresh, for it is the merrie month of May, and we are standing in the paddocks of a well-known breeding stud. The trees are just bursting into leaf, the sun is shining brightly, birds are singing gaily, and rooks are busily engaged in family cares amidst the topmost branches of some over-towering elms. Our companion is the stud-groom. He is one of a class we all know so well, a character in himself.

"I'll show you the Derby winner three years hence," he remarks. "I've looked after more colt foals and filly foals than falls to the lot of most men, and he's the best shaped and finest for his age that my eyes ever fell upon. There's a picture."

Looking in the required direction I see under a wide-spreading chestnut tree, with its leafy branches throwing for yards around a deep and sombre shade, in the centre of the paddock, a brood mare and foal. Notice the mother so gently switching her flanks with the point of her fine and silky tail, that it would scarcely have brushed a fly away. Upon her sleek shot-silk coat, large full veins stand out like fibres on a vine leaf, and within them runs the untainted blood of centuries. And then the foal. He is the very spit of his mother. The same strong back, with good loins, and powerful quarters. The same oblique shoulders, the same honest head and eye—no first-class racehorse ever yet had a bad eye—it should always be full and prominent. Although he is rather ungainly as he trots round his mother, with his tail and crest up, we cannot fail to notice that he has the same sound-looking, well-formed feet, legs, the same colour and markings, a bright chestnut, with a narrow blaze. As I look at him here in all his youth, beauty, and innocence, I cannot help moralising on how many a man's fate is linked with his. Upon his efforts hangs success or defeat, joy or sorrow, hope or despair, in many an English home. When in years to come he is a high-mettled and pampered racehorse, and his name is on the tongues of thousands, some will eye him with trust, some with suspicion, some with love, some with hate—but few without anxiety and dread.

It may be worth mentioning for the sake of the uninitiated in the Turf's ways, that all racehorses are, for the sake of Calendar convenience, supposed to have the same birthday. Thus, a foal may be born as early or as late in the year as his sire and dam or his breeder may arrange, but if he chooses to anticipate matters by appearing at 11.30 P.M. on December 31st he is a year old, in the eyes of racing law, as the clock strikes twelve that night. In other words, he is to all intents and purposes born a yearling, which

practically means that he is useless for racing purposes. This is, however, an extreme case, and born, as he usually is, in the first four months of the year, he becomes a yearling on the following New Year's Day, a two-year-old on the one succeeding, and so on.

The first fifteen or sixteen months of a racehorse's existence are necessarily a period of idleness and inactivity. He is taken good care of, and on fine days runs in the paddock with his dam until weaned. The exigencies of early racing compel us to rear our thoroughbreds artificially. The young things are generally fed three times a day on oats, with carrots, and occasional doses of linseed oil, with the addition in cold weather of a few old beans or peas, and require to have full access to their paddocks; they will run back to their hovels fast enough for shelter. Some breeders allow them to run in their paddocks when yearlings in lots of six or eight. Then it is a pretty sight to see those mad, wild scampers across the turf from side to side, and how easy it is to pick out the crack of the party as he dashes by his companions and careers along at their head. Accidents not unfrequently happen at this period of a horse's existence, for at times these high-bred animals fight like bulldogs. Many a nasty kick is inflicted, and many a scar remains, but, as a rule, they soon get to know who's "master," and the champion in the paddock is, as a rule, the champion on the course. That great horse Gladiateur was the "boss" at Langu, and he carried his paddock scars throughout his Turf career. About the month of May, in their yearling stage, cavessons and bearing reins are brought into requisition. Then they are led about to accustom them to the scenes of everyday life, and it is wonderful how quickly they become civilised.

It is, perhaps, just as well if but little lunging is done until they reach the trainer's hands. Hocks are often sprung and back sinews strained by slipping. Some stud-grooms accustom their charges to be handled earlier than others. Thus it is easier to bit them, and kindness soothes much of their irritability of temper that would otherwise be caused by the first restraint or lesson. Frequently what is described as temper in thoroughbreds may be more correctly traced to the innate apprehension of danger so prominent in their truly nervous system. When they kick, shy, plunge, rear, or run away, the chances are ten to one that the primary cause is fear. They possess memories of a truly tenacious kind, and anything that has once proved a source of positive terror is rarely forgotten, and occasionally never forgiven.

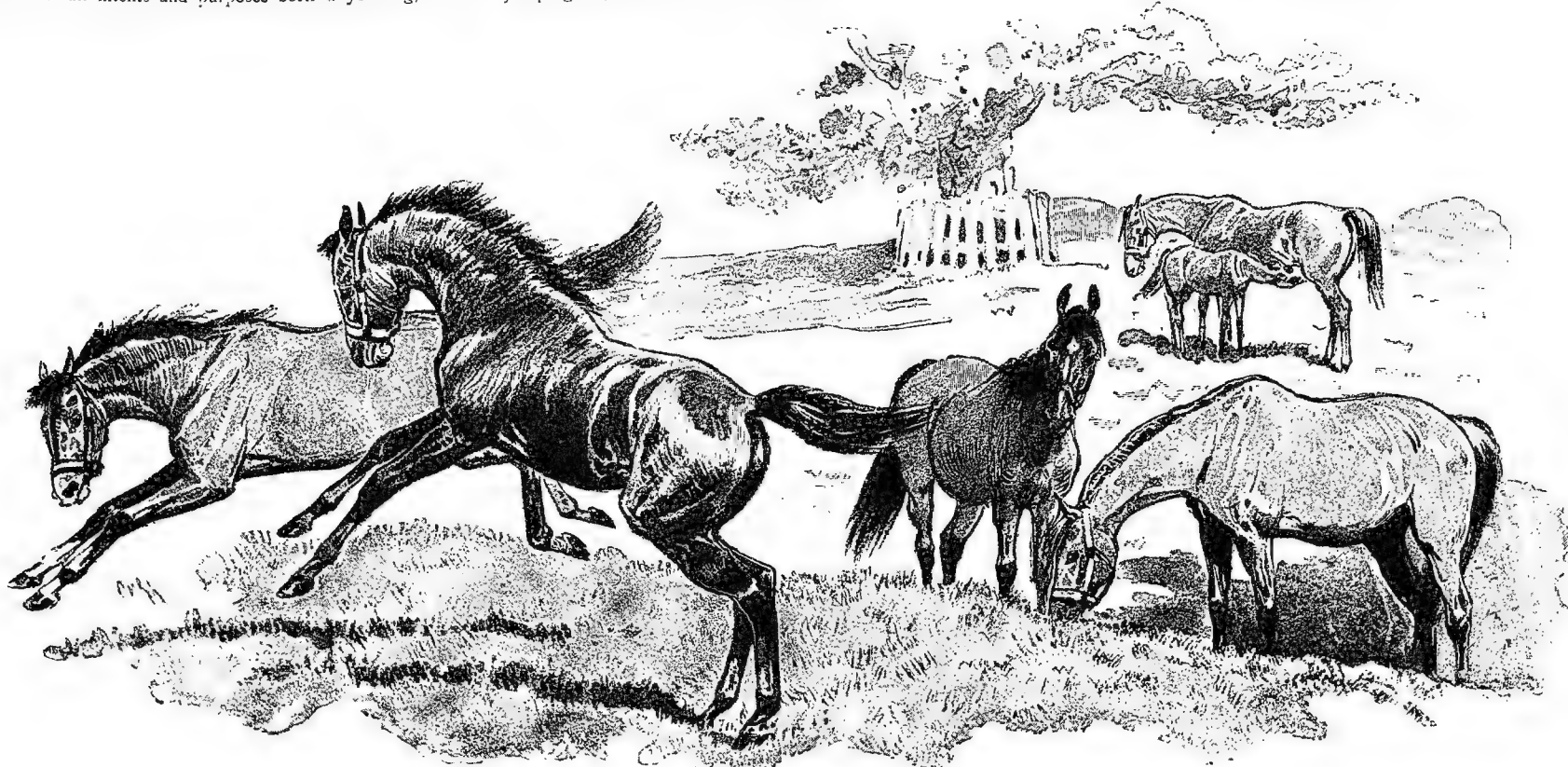
Yearlings are sent up to the trainer in the later part of the summer or autumn. Some are put under restraint earlier than others, this depending on their make and constitution. Much harm is often done by some grooms letting them leave their hands fed up like prize bullocks, but a yearling should always be in such condition, when he enters the stable, as he can get himself into by natural exercise and good feed. In many cases they arrive unbit, and mostly ignorant of restraint. A great deal of care and trouble is bestowed on their breaking-in. They are led about for a few days, then the roller and crupper are put on with side reins. Thus they are lunged, circling right and left in figures of eight, to prevent their mouths from becoming one-sided. Then they are driven with long reins, and, after a few weeks' of this exercise, mounting may be attempted. This is frequently the most tedious of all. When it is at last accomplished, the youngsters are led, walking and jogging, until they ride nicely and quietly. Soon they are trotted about in batches, wheeling in figures of eight, which is capital practice for mouthing. Then they are allowed to break gradually from a trot to a canter, but in no case whatever must they be hurried.

It is the trainer's duty to decide which animals shall be trained for early engagements, and which shall be allowed more time. Thus the backward or unfurnished take matters easily, and they are allowed to grow and develop. Towards the end of autumn are allowed to grow and develop. Towards the end of autumn and the beginning of winter the yearlings take their places in a string, led by an old horse as schoolmaster. During the month of December a trainer is generally very busily engaged testing the merits of his youngsters, as the entries for so many important stakes close on the first Tuesday in January. About Christmas-time our youngsters have become as handy and experienced as an old time our youngsters have become as handy and experienced as an old time. They have been thoroughly schooled, taught the art of jumping off, and have become acquainted with all that is required

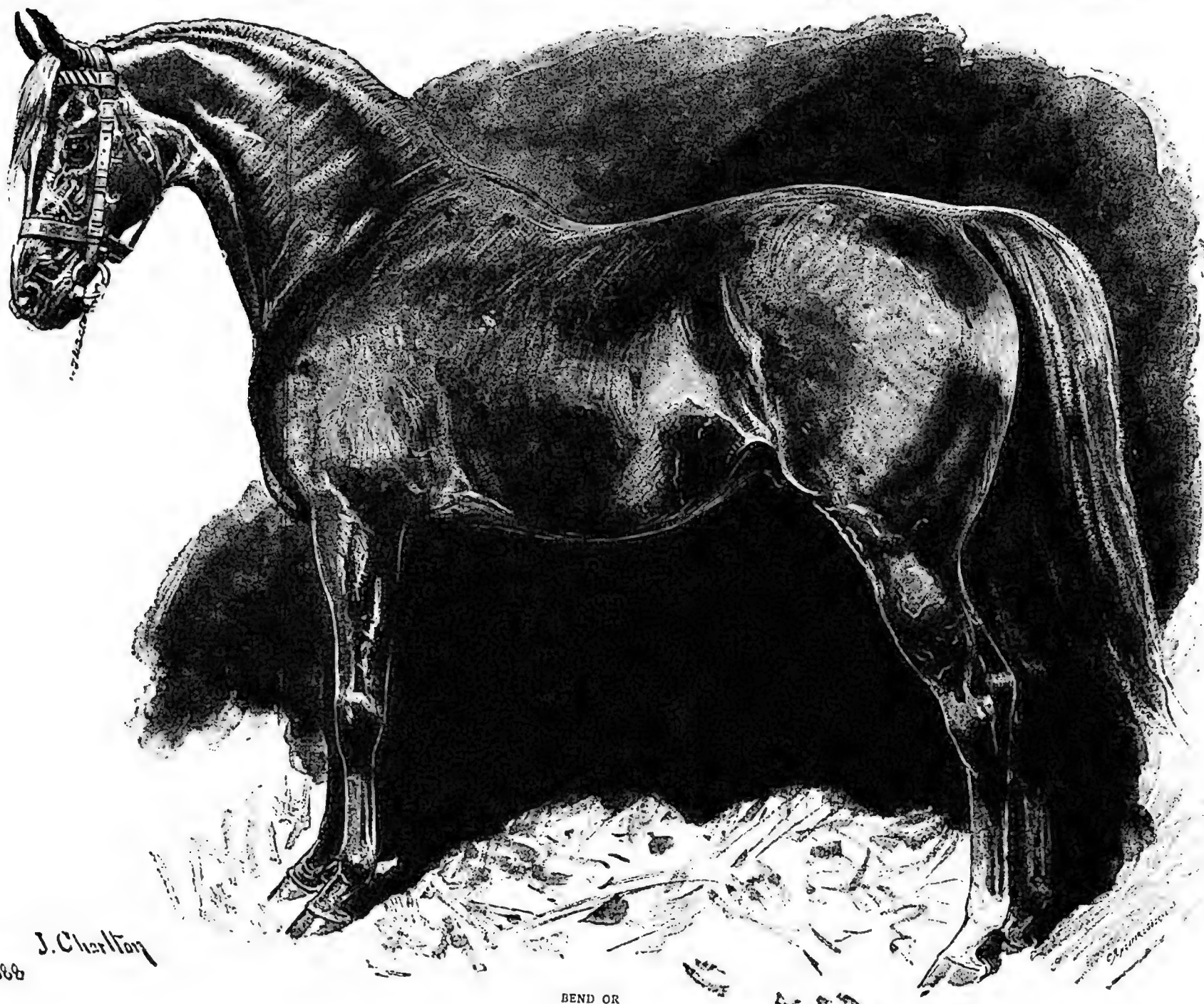
of them. Horses are very much like human beings, some learn quickly, whilst others are dullards. What one will become proficient in at the second or third time of asking, is unknown to others after a week's practice. When competent, they are tried for speed. The distance is about three furlongs or, perhaps, a little over, and the trial horse, a trustworthy selling plater, who can be relied upon to show consistent form.

What a lot of pleasure and amusement can be obtained by lovers of horses as they glance at a string of thoroughbreds walking by, *en route* to exercise! There is the old horse leading in that steady, business-like style, as if he knew what was going on well enough, and how he wanted to get it all quickly and quietly over. Perhaps after him walks "the examiner," whose form the stable manager knows to an ounce, and who has accurately measured it a score of times. Never mind inquiring into his capabilities. He may not be a great public performer, but, for all that, he runs true as steel, and is therefore priceless in trial gallops. Perhaps his assistant-examiner, who comes next, may be called upon to take his part, either in making the pace, or being told off for a trial on his own account with certain youngsters, who have been "ploughed" three or four times, and who being "troubled with the slows"—as the head lad puts it—will be sent down at the end of their first year. Half a score or so of good-looking yearlings follow in Indian file, some of whom have already acquired the dignified bearing and stately carriage of their seniors, whilst others who ought to know better, being out of the nursery, play untold pranks, and provoke the anger of their attendant sprites by breaking the line, and indulging in all sorts of forbidden vagaries. What a wicked eye that white-legged chestnut rolls anxiously about! He is in a bit of a fuss already, and lacks the confidence and solidity of the sturly shapely brown that walks behind him. Then there is the precocious young gentleman who bears himself like the little dandy that he is, full of life and elasticity, with a more muscular and set look about him than the rest of his peers. How vastly different he is to that tall, unfurnished, lanky-looking bay, with his rough, patchy coat, and lazy, loafing movements. He is quite a baby yet, and has only just begun to learn to gallop, and he commences his work so slowly and clumsily that his little friend is a furlong off before he has got well into his stride. That handsome bay we recognise as having been sold by Mr. Tattersall in the Sale Ring at Doncaster last September. He is terribly high-bred and high-priced, but the trainer has already pretty well made up his mind about him, and "wants pace" is the mental note registered against him. The last one, with arched neck and rather peacocky deportment, is already under suspicion for roaring, though he is the handsomest of the lot, and an especial fancy of his owner's, who was buying the day he purchased him on his account. As yet he will believe nothing against his pet; while the trainer rather chuckles in his sleeve, and will perhaps one day remind his master of his sole responsibility in investing in such doubtful goods.

As they tread the springy turf for the first time off that steep winding chalky road, more than one of the youngsters commences to feel his feet rather too "rampageously," as their boys would describe it. Owner and trainer pull up at the top of a gentle incline, which rises gradually from the smooth expanse of undulating downland, like the finish of the Rowley Mile at Newmarket, whilst the head lad on the old horse goes down to lead them in a canter. The schoolmaster who usually leads work so methodically pulls a trifle harder to-day to keep himself warm, and the yearlings are going in all sorts of shapes and fashions, now yawning out off the tracks, now fighting with their heads in the air, or pulling the lads out of their saddles in the exuberance of healthful spirits. Now the spin has begun to sober them down a bit, and you can mark their action better as the incline is reached, and the trainer shouts out to their leader to "take them along a bit." Like a well-regulated piece of machinery is the action of the veteran, as he sweeps along in the van. That chestnut possesses pace, as he presses in his wake, though he works his tail rather suspiciously, and there is just the least trifle of temper, nervousness, or cowardice in the ears laid back, and the white of the eye more conspicuous than desirable. The powerful brown shows not so much quality, but he moves along steadily close to the ground, his lean well-shaped head, extended to the utmost, his ears pricked, gamely telling a tale of staying, and answering the appeal of his rider to the last. The little "Swell" was pulling over them all a little time back, but he follows steadily enough now, with lightning-like action, vigorously thrusting his hind legs under him: active as a cat, and with muscular development and finished symmetry beyond his years. The long bucking bay has been rolling about like a ship at sea, but he gets more collected towards the finish, whilst the gentlemanly nag



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MR. J. R. WERNER'S look on the Congo appears at a happy time. All the world is wondering where Mr. Stanley will next be heard of, and what will be his report from the interior of the Dark Continent. Mr. Werner's book does not, indeed, much aid speculation on these points; but, in this time of expectancy, it enables us more fully to appreciate the magnitude of the task Mr. Stanley has undertaken, and the hugeness of the difficulties with which he has grappled. Mr. Werner is an engineer who was in the service, for some years, of the "Etat Independant du Congo." His book is an unpretending narrative of events on the river during his period of work there, with chapters on the rise of the Congo State, the Emin Relief Expedition, and the probable future of the Slave Trade. Leaving England in 1886, Mr. Werner arrived at the mouth of the Congo at a time when everything was in a state of disorganisation. His description of the great river and its tributaries is very complete; and his prophetic vision of the days when great steamers from England will steam up the river to magnificent quays and docks, while railways will surmount the difficulties of the cataracts, is not unwarranted by the recent progress of events. There are some moving chapters in the book, and plenty of fighting. Mr. Werner, for example, was engineer of the steamer which went up to Stanley Falls to succour Mr. Deane after the Arab attack upon that station, and all the way they had to run the gauntlet of fire from the banks. Stanley Falls Station was found burnt and plundered, and the heroic Mr. Deane was at last discovered hiding in the bush far down the river, clothed only in a blanket and covered with sores. Of poor Major Barttelot and his camp, and of Tipoo Tip ("the Bismarck of Central Africa") Mr. Werner tells us much that is interesting. The full title of the book is "A Visit to Stanley's Rearguard at Major Barttelot's Camp on the Aruhwimi" (William Blackwood and Sons), and we have said enough to show that it is full of information upon one of the great questions of the hour and of the future.

There is plenty of incident in Mr. Irving Montagu's "Wanderings of a War Artist" (W. H. Allen and Co.). Though still a young man, Mr. Montagu has seen plenty of campaigning. His first experiences were in the early days of the Franco-Prussian War, when he was three times arrested as a spy within as many days. He managed, however, to evade his captors and to escape into France, and for the rest of the war he followed the fortunes of the various French armies. The horrors and the humours of those terrible years Mr. Montagu describes very vividly. He is an unpractised, yet an interesting writer; and his straightforward story carries with it the stamp of truth. After the close of the Franco-Prussian War, Mr. Montagu found himself in Spain, when he made the acquaintance of that prince of special correspondents, the late Mr. Edmund O'Donovan, who, after many adventures, met his death with Hicks Pasha at the massacre of Kashgil. Mr. Montagu's last campaign was that in Serbia before the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War. There he met Mr. Forster of the *Daily News*, concerning whom there is an interesting story of a stolen shirt. The book is richly illustrated by *facsimiles* of sketches from Mr. Montagu's sketch-book. Of these, the slightest come out the best. The elaborate drawings are reproduced by a process which, unfortunately, by no means does justice to the originals.

Mr. Charles Booth's book on "Life and Labour in London" (Williams and Norgate) is the most important work of the kind that has been issued for a long time—the most important, indeed, since Mr. Mayhew's "London Labour and London Poor." In some

respects it is better than that work. It is more thorough and more scientific. The facts are more carefully and systematically summarised. The book has much of the solidity and thoroughness of a Blue-book. It is, moreover, only the first instalment, and it deals with East London exclusively. Mr. Booth himself is merely the editor; and he has wisely sought the aid of such experienced East End workers as Miss Beatrice Potter, Mr. Ernest Aves, Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith, Mr. Stephen N. Fox, and others. The inquiry of which this volume is the outcome was set on foot in 1886, and when similar volumes have been published for West, North, and South London, philanthropists and social reformers will be in possession of the most accurate possible knowledge concerning the position and hopes of the workers of this great city. It has long been recognised that social reform can only be successfully carried out upon general principles, and these general principles must be based upon accurate knowledge. That is the value of Mr. Booth's great work. It enables every one to know the facts of the case. "The Classes," "The Trades," and "Special Subjects" are the main divisions of the work. Miss Potter's contributions on "The Docks," "Tailoring," and "The Jewish Community," are perhaps the most interesting. But all parts of the book are well worth study, and the maps and plans are wonderful specimens of accurate tabulation.

In a learned and substantial volume of nearly 400 pages Dom Lawrence Hendriks, a monk of the Carthusian settlement in Sussex, tells the tale of the old habitation of his Order, "The London Charterhouse" (Kegan Paul). The book will, of course, be read by Protestants with all due allowance for the bias of the author. The miraculous is to him almost ordinary, and he narrates with pious gravity the numerous wonders which necessarily occur in the history of so venerable an institution. 1533 was the last year of tranquillity for the Charterhouse, and this was clearly shown by the fact that "as the religious were returning from the Night Office, the bright beams from a strange comet were noticed to descend upon a lofty tree in the cemetery, and the light, glancing off from the tree, fell full upon the church and the bell-tower." Persecution followed naturally, and Book II. deals with the troubles of the Order under Henry VIII. and his zealous officer, Thomas Cromwell. Dom Lawrence Hendriks tells the story with much exactitude, combating Mr. Froude's assertions on many points, and extolling the humility and courage of the persecuted monks; had all, he says, behaved so, the English Reformation would have failed, and the country would have retained its ancient faith. The third book carries on the story from the time of the dissolution of the monasteries down to the present day, the wanderings of the Order on the Continent, and the settlement of the French Carthusians in England. It is a dramatic chapter in the history of the religious life in England, and it is told with fervour and enthusiasm. In "A Pilgrimage to the Charterhouse" Dom Lawrence Hendriks takes us to the existing buildings, and traces, as far as may be, the ancient boundaries of the monastery.

The "Great Writers" (Walter Scott) series grows apace. The most recent additions to it are "Heine," by William Sharp; "Schiller," by H. W. Nevins; "Captain Marryat," by D. Hannay; and "Crabbe," by T. E. Kebbel. All these books are rather over than under the general average of the series. Mr. David Hannay's "Marryat" is perhaps the most original. Mr. Hannay thinks very highly of Marryat as a writer of fiction, and gives good reason for his opinions. If Marryat was not quite a great writer, he certainly did not deserve all Carlyle said of him in that sickly time when he was recovering from the loss he had sustained by Mill's carelessness with the MS. of "The French Revolution." Mr. Sharp's "Heine" is at least unobjectionable, though neither original nor well-written. Mr. Sharp is exceedingly industrious, and though he will probably never write well, he has much improved since the days when he penned his dreadful life of D. G. Rossetti. From this little book on "Heine" one can indeed gain a

clear view of the poet and his work. Mr. Kebbel's "Crabbe" is, of course, scholarly and interesting. His estimate of Crabbe's excellencies and deficiencies as a poet is extremely just. The book will very possibly revive interest in one who was a genuine poet, though none save students seem nowadays to read his verse. Mr. Nevins had perhaps the most difficult task of all with his "Schiller," but he has got through it very well. It is an excellent summary of Schiller's character and work.

To the always fascinating problem of the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. T. F. Henderson contributes another guess in "The Casket Letters" (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black). The controversy is by this time somewhat stale, and people have made up their minds one way or the other. But Mr. Henderson contends that a new element has been brought into the matter by the publication by the Historical Manuscripts Commission of Morton's declaration concerning the opening of the casket, and the "sighting" of the letters by various noblemen and others, whom Morton gives a list. Mr. Henderson does not pretend that he has settled the question of the genuineness of the letters, but his book is certainly an important contribution towards the elucidation of the problem. His argument cannot be summarised in a short space, but those who take an interest in the controversy should certainly read the book for themselves.

"Internationales Montefiore-Album" (Frankfurt: Mahlau and Waldschmidt), is a handsome volume, compiled by Dr. J. F. Fiebermann in memory of the worthy Jew whose career of usefulness came to an end four years ago. The book contains reprints of obituary notices, poems, and other forms of tribute to his memory. It is excellently printed, handsomely bound, and well illustrated.

"Paris by Day and Night," by "Anglo Parisian" (Ward and Downey), is a thin and unimportant volume, designed, doubtless, to catch the fancy of visitors to the Exhibition. It tells of Paris, executions, lawyers, slums, cafés, and so on. There is little that is new to those who know Paris, but the stranger may be amused by turning the leaves.—To praise Baedeker's Guides seems almost unnecessary. We merely note, therefore, that "Northern France," including Paris, is just issued (Dulau and Co.). The information is brought down to the most recent date, and the usual excellent maps and plans make everything as easy as possible for the visitor.—"The Pictorial Guide to Paris" (Ward and Downey) gives plenty of useful information. Its illustrations are, however, very bad, even for a cheap guide.



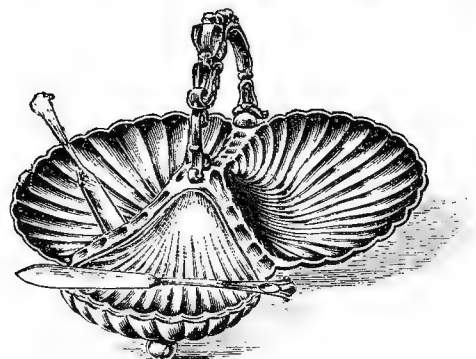
It is the fate of a man of letters in England to be condemned to one particular groove, which he quits at his peril. It is against the rules of the game, we are perfectly aware, to admit that Mr. J. A. Froude, being labelled "historian," could by any possibility write a really good novel: but we must break the rules for once in the case of "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy; or, An Irish Romance of the Last Century" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.). No doubt it contains a good deal of history, and of history with a political interest in it; and it may be considered fatal, by a large circle, that there is no love in it from beginning to end. But if the art of making history, without loss to romance, really live; if dramatic power, vivid picturesqueness, brilliant portraiture, mastery over stirring incident—if these things in combination fail to convey the effect of fiction of a high order, the fault must assuredly be in the reader. No doubt the work appeals to something beyond the desire for amusement; but it is none the worse for that, especially as that desire is incidentally gratified. As a picture of Ireland a

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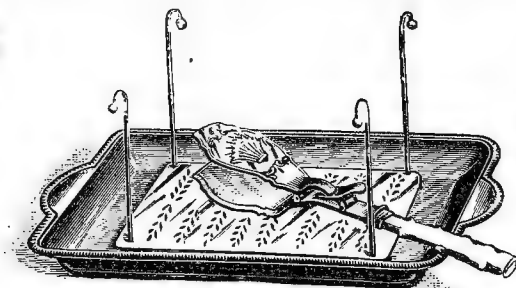
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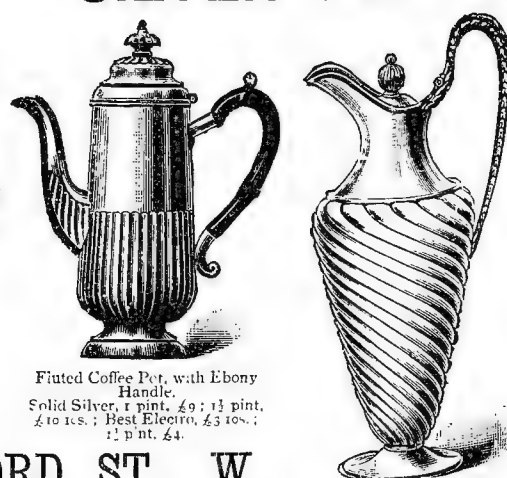


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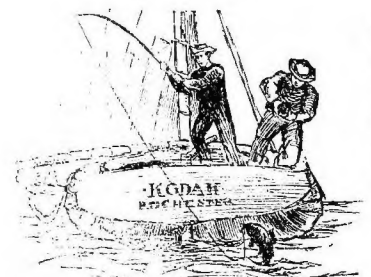
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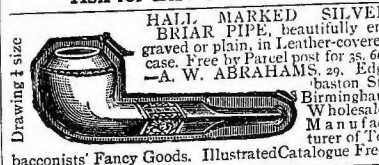


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hundred and forty years ago, when the effects of misgovernment had reached their extremity, Mr. Froude's novel is of important value; and it is of the more value, inasmuch as he leaves his readers to draw their own conclusions, and to make their own applications to the practical policy of the present and future. The least politically disposed, however, will find plenty of excitement in the description of the affair off the Durseys, between the *Æolus* and the *Doutelle*—one of the most brilliant accounts of a sea-fight ever written; and scarcely less in more episodes than can be enumerated in a brief space without unfair omissions. "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy" is altogether unlike any other Irish novel, and is worth any ordinary hundred of them.

In his dedication, C. A. Montrésor states that "More Sa'l than Ballast" (1 vol.: W. H. Allen and Co.) is his first novel; and we cordially hope that it will not be long before he brings out his second. For it is not merely a work of promise; the author has evidently learned his art before attempting to practise it, and already knows how to obtain his effects by the simplest, which are by no means the most obvious, means. The story of Hans Ritter, who carries "more sail than ballast," is one only too well known in real life—that of the brilliant young fellow, with a touch of genius about him, who wins all hearts both at home and abroad, and has apparently every quality that can make himself and others proud and happy, but who somehow turns out not merely his own enemy, but the worst enemy of those who are dearest to him. It is well worth reading Mr. Montrésor's novel to determine where Hans Ritter's weak points lay. There is very true and real pathos about the unquenchable love of the wife whose heart he has done his best to break, and none the less because the story is so old, and all the more for its entire freedom from sentimentality or over-colour. His other faithful friend, Shock, also, must be noted as an original addition to the dogs of fiction. Fresh interest, moreover, is obtained by laying the scene at the outset in a quiet Swabian parsonage, and transferring it to the gay Court of Ludwigsburg under the rule of Francesca von Hohenheim, and closing with a touching return.

It would be difficult to match "The Quick and the Dead?" for downright badness of every sort and in every degree; but Amélie Rives, the authoress of that prodigious and, as we vainly thought, unapproachable balderdash has managed to do so in "The Witness of the Sun" (1 vol.: G. Routledge and Sons). It is worse because, in addition to the demerits of its precursor, it is more dull. It is possible that admirers of the great "Ouida" may find congenial qualities in "The Witness of the Sun," inasmuch as it appears to be the result of a sympathetic study of that mistress of the art of gorgeous rigmorole: not impossible some may think that the American has outdone the Englishwoman. The story would be repulsive were it not ridiculous, and the characters appear to be the dreams of some exceptionally morbid-minded schoolgirl.

After having said this of "The Witness of the Sun," our opinion of the same authoress's "Virginia of Virginia," published by the same firm in the same form, will seem singularly inconsistent—especially to those who are unaware how inconsistent authors can be with themselves. We should like to be sure that "Virginia" was written later than "The Witness," because, if that be so, there is ground for hoping that the writer of both has recovered from her schoolgirl fancies, has outgrown her "Ouida," and has at any rate begun to discover that sobriety and wholesomeness are not without their place even in a love-story. In the present case, while it is impossible to believe in the characters, one cannot deny that a "Virginia" would be exceedingly charming if she did exist; and the pictures of life in her State are entertaining, despite their excess of local colour, especially of the wearisome black shade. The story is of no value and of little interest; but on the whole it is so

managed as to be something better than merely unobjectionable. It certainly gives the impression that the former perpetrations of Amélie Rives are due to sheer perversity rather than to absolute incapacity for better things.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

IV.

BESIDES the important works already noticed, Sir Frederick Leighton sends a finely-modelled female head, "Elegy," distinguished by beauty of a noble type. Mr. C. E. Perugini, who has formed his style on that of the President, and successfully imitates his executive method, is unfortunate in having his elaborately-finished half-length, "Corona"—one of the best works that he has produced—placed in close proximity with it. On the opposite wall hangs a very life-like head of the eminent architect, "J. L. Pearson, Esq.," by Mr. Oulless. Among the eight portraits by this artist, the three-quarter length of "Sir William Bowman" is especially noteworthy for the novel and artistic treatment of the background and accessories, as well as for the distinct individuality of the head and the natural and characteristic pose of the figure. Mr. Sant's "Miss Joicey" is marked by graceful simplicity of treatment and refined beauty of colour. One of the very best examples of female portraiture in the collection is Mr. T. Blake Wigram's anonymous "Madame X." It is very much the best work we have seen by him, remarkable for its combined strength and refinement of style, its decorative balance of line and colour, as well as for the graceful spontaneity of the pose and the fine modelling of the expressive face. Mr. J. S. Sargent's full length of "Mrs. George Gribble," on the opposite wall, resembles the work of M. Carolus Duran in its broad, firm, and facile handling, and its arrangement of colour. Though faulty in many ways it is more restrained in style than most of his recent works, and in better keeping. Mr. J. J. Shannon's pictures, like those that he exhibits elsewhere, show signs of haste and carelessness. The portrait of "Miss Colley," in a yellow dress, and with a yellow background, is, perhaps, the best of them, but it is certainly inferior to the works by him that deservedly attracted so much attention about two years ago.

Works by foreign painters are less numerous than usual. The largest of them, H. Prell's "Holy Rest," in which the most prominent figure is a winged angel playing the violin, is a novel version of a well-worn subject, showing a great deal of technical mastery, but unpleasantly lurid and opaque in colour. "A Idyll of Morocco," representing a dusky little girl with a child slung to her back, peering over a sea-wall, by Emile Wauters, is an excellent work of its class, in treatment as well as in subject entirely unlike the picture that he exhibited here last year. Van Haanen's "Water Carrier" and his little interior, with a half-dressed Venetian girl seated at her ease, though not important, have the truth of local colour, the freshness, and spontaneity seldom absent from his work.

Mr. Chevallier Tayler's "The Encore," representing on an unnecessarily large scale a provincial concert-room, is chiefly remarkable for the skill with which a complicated effect of artificial light is rendered. The figures in the foreground, though arranged without much regard to composition, are natural and unaffected. Mr. J. Yates Carrington's "Strolling Players Awaiting an Audience" is rather diffuse in composition and spotty in effect, but the dozen performing dogs of various breeds grouped outside a travelling show are true types of canine character. In a hunting scene, "Digging Out," by Mr. J. Emms, the hounds are well designed and full of vitality. Mr. W. Weekes shows a sense of humour as well as close observation of animal life in "A Remote Relation," repre-

senting a family of pigs and bours looking with curiosity and contempt at a small hedgehog that has strayed into their yard.

Mr. F. Goodall's life-sized "A Dream of a Paradise," hanging in the eleventh room, has not much except Academic correctness of design and careful modelling to recommend it. The figure of Eve awakening to life, though well-proportioned, is not of faultless beauty. The flesh is waxy in colour, and painted with a porcelain-like smoothness of surface quite inappropriate to work on so large a scale. In his large picture, "Moriatur pro Rege Nostro, Maria Theresa," Mr. Laslett J. Pott has depicted with a great deal of dramatic power the Hungarian Magnates enthusiastically responding to the impassioned appeal of the Empress-Queen as described by Carlyle. "The Widow's Birthday," by Mr. W. Dendy Saller, showing three elderly suitors accidentally meeting at the door of the object of their affections, is broadly comic rather than humorous. The confluence of the stout gentleman with a brace of pheasants in his hand, and the embarrassment of the other two who are trying to conceal the presents they have brought, are skilfully contrasted. Mr. Arthur Stocks also sends an amusing and well-executed picture called "A Friend of Mine, Grandfather," in which a comely girl is seen introducing a stalwart but very bashful young dragon to her cottage-home. Miss Clara Montalba's "A Thames Barge Off Battersea," suffused with warm evening light—one of the best of her oil pictures—is certainly entitled to a better place than it occupies. Mr. E. A. Waterlow's large picture of Galway peasants worshipping at a Celtic cross, "St. MacDara's Day;" Mr. W. H. Titecom's "Primitive Methodists" in their chapel; Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie's "On the Shores of Kintyre," and Mr. J. Kay's "On the Clyde," are among other works in the room that should not pass unnoticed.

The collection of sculpture is a little, but not very much, below the average of recent years. Portrait statues and busts are as numerous as usual, and quite as good, and, though they bear a very small proportion to the whole, there are a few imaginative works of exceptional merit. One of the largest of them, "The Arcadian Shepherd," leads to the conclusion that Mr. W. B. Richmond is capable of higher achievement in sculpture than in painting. The figure is a type of humanity in a high form of physical development, easy in movement, and modelled in excellent style, without any obtrusive display of anatomical knowledge, but with great skill and mastery. The most severely sculptural work in the gallery, and in every way one of the best, is a group—rather larger than life—"Hunts in Leash," by Mr. Harry Bates. The human figure and the dogs are full of vitality, and, from whatever point of view the group be regarded, the lines of the composition form an harmonious combination. A very different, but not less admirable, work is Mr. Onslow Ford's bronze statuette of a very young Egyptian girl standing erect, with her fingers touching the strings of a harp, called "The Singer." Though the head is thoroughly Oriental, the figure in its spontaneity and youthful grace of movement and its delicate modelling resembles the artist's charming little "Folly," exhibited here two years ago, and is certainly not in any respect inferior to it. Mr. H. Thorneycroft sends an exquisitely-wrought copy on a very small scale of his "Teucer," and two well-composed bronze panels intended for the Gordon Memorial at Moulbourne. A small circular bronze relief, "Ignis Fatuus," by Mr. H. A. Pegram, shows distinct originality and a true sense of style. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's bust of "G. F. Watts, R.A.," is a masterly piece of work, admirable as a portrait and appropriately simple and dignified in treatment. Mr. Woolner's "The Rev. Coutts Trotter" is an excellent example of his cultivated style. Among other busts that deserve attention are Mr. C. B. Birch's "General Earle;" Mr. W. R. Ingram's "H. S. Marks, R.A.;" Mr. R. A. Ledward's "Daniel Grant, Esq.," and Miss Henrietta Montalba's "Robert Browning."

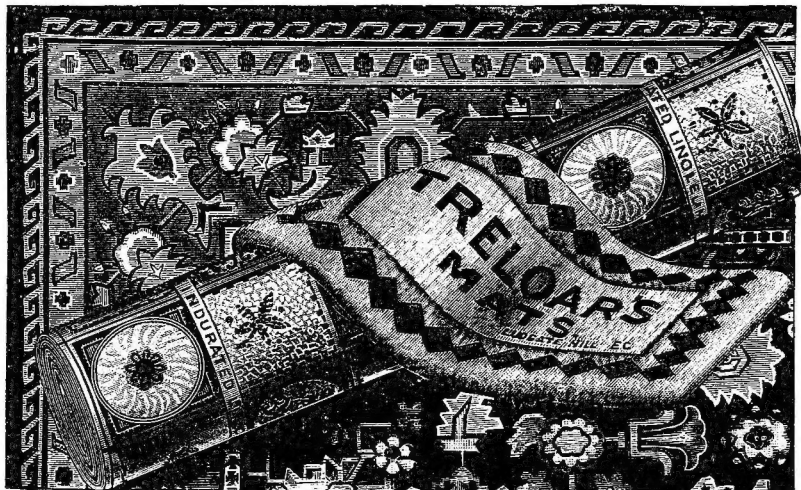
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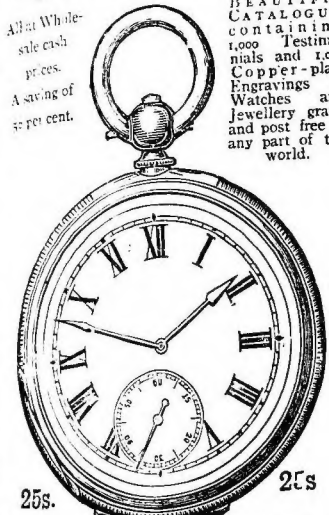
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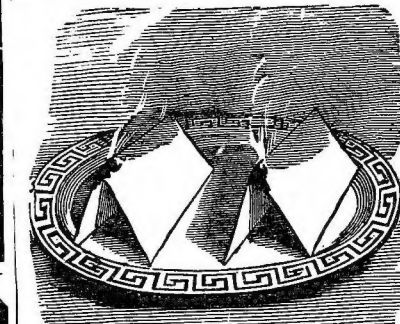
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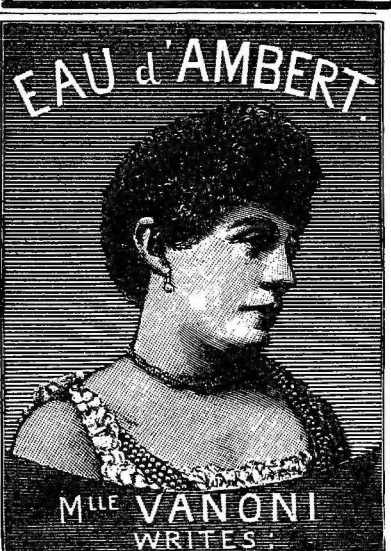
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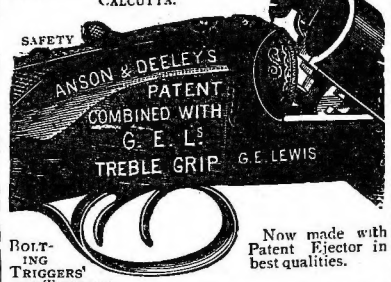
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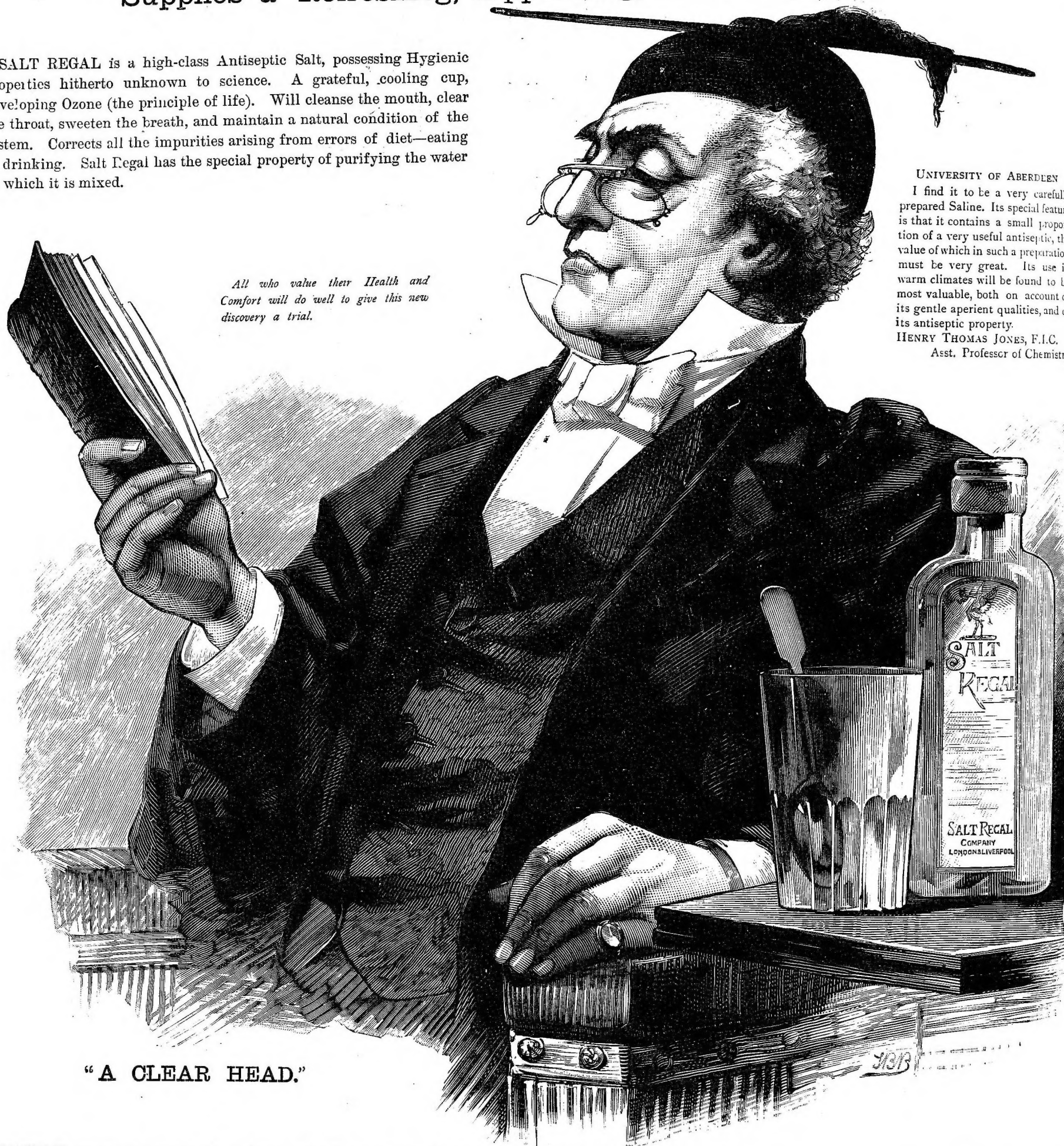
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